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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: Mr. Hornblow has just come back from London. He tells of the theatre he found there, the interesting plays, the unusual artistes. An advance account of the successes which are soon to come to Broadway. ✱ Hatcher Hughes, college professor, lover of danger, an exceptional personality, brightly revealed with the true story of his *Hell-Bent for Heaven*, the Pulitzer prize play. ✱ *Cobra*, the gripping melodrama, condensed. And a fascinating article by the star herself, Judith Anderson, on the secrets of snake-woman charm. ✱ What is a theatrical angel? Or who? The inside story of these celestial guardians of the Great White Way. ✱ The new supper-clubs. The new plays. The first flutterings of the autumn season. ✱ To be smart is to know the theatre and to know the theatre is to read THEATRE MAGAZINE. Special fall issue. Don't miss it.

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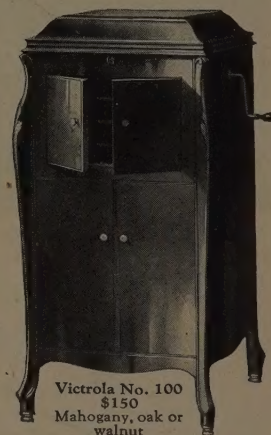
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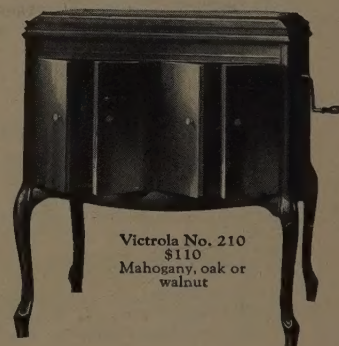
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



The New Season Has to Offer

THERE is every indication that there will be a well-balanced and diversified dramatic menu for the new season, now on the dawn. Musical comedies, revues, straight comedies, dramas, tragedies—all have their places in the schedule. There are a few plays by foreign authors and a few foreign artists are represented, but the new crop of plays is chiefly home products, the work of Americans. Musical plays predominate.

The Provincetown Playhouse will give five plays to subscribers, and special productions will be especially subscribed for. Among these will be *The Great God Brown*, by Eugene O'Neill; *The Colonnade*, by Stark Young; *The Murder in the Whistler Room*, by Edmund Wilson; *The Book of Revelation*, adapted from the Bible by Eugene O'Neill; *Beyond*, a German expressionist drama by Walter Hasenclever, and a revival of the Restoration comedy, *Love for Love*, by Congreve.

The plays at the Greenwich Village Theatre, managed by the same directorate as the Provincetown, headed by Kenneth Macgowan and including Robert Edmond Jones, Eugene O'Neill, Stark Young, James Light and Cleon Throckmorton, will be *Desire Under the Elms*, by Eugene O'Neill; *The Last Night of Don Juan*, by Edmond Rostand; *The Saint*, by Stark Young; *The Brothers Karamazoff*, a dramatization by Jacques Copeau; *Much Ado About Nothing* and a Gilbert and Sullivan revival in the spirit of the 70's.

Robert Milton, at the head of his own producing company, of which Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is managing director, will present Arthur Richman's latest comedy, *The Exile*, as his first offering.

Other new plays are: *Cheer up*, by Rida Johnson Young; *The Star of the Gutter*, the first of three new plays by Avery Hopwood; *The Fake*, by Frederick Lonsdale, for which A. H. Woods has engaged Lowell Sherman; *The Depths*, with Jane Cowl; *Open Gate*, a play by Edgar MacGregor and Tadema Bussiere; *The Rabbit's Foot*, by Rida Johnson Young, which will be the first production of the season by the Dramatists' Theatre, Inc.; *The Adorable Spartan*, by Myron C. Fagan; *The Long Arm*, by Owen Davis; *In His Arms*, by Lynn Starling, with Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger; *Pastimes of an Empress*, based by Louis N. Parker, its author, on the life of Catherine of Russia; *Tricks*, by Jo Swerling, in which Oliver Morosco will join the ranks of the actors.

SEVERAL new plays acquired on the Continent by Gilbert Miller, chief executive of the Charles Frohman company, will be forthcoming in New York. They are *The Roman Feast*, by Ferenc Molnar; *The High C and Grounds for Divorce*, by Ernest Vjada; a new comedy by Arthur Schnitzler and *The Mask and the Face*, by Luigi Chiarelli.

Late in September there will be a Selwyn production of Max Marcin's *Silence*, one of the few melodramas of the season, with H. B. Warner in the leading rôle, and, in the same month, *Dancing Mothers*, by Edgar Selwyn and Edmond Goulding.

Comedies are well represented and will include *The Tailor of Trouville*, a farcical comedy by Marchand and Armont, and *The Vamping Dog*, by the same authors; *Apple Sauce*, by Barry Connors, in which Allan Dinehart will be seen; *The Desert Man*, by Walker Whiteside; *Service for*

Husbands, by Charles Bates Hunter; *Restless Joe Malone*, by J. C. Nugent, in which the author will also appear; the Sacha Guitry comedy, *L'Accroche Cœur*, which Archie Selwyn brought from Europe; *The Tantrum*, by William F. Dugan and John Meehan; *The Guardsman*, a comedy from the Hungarian of Franz Molnar, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

There will be an extensive and varied assortment of musical plays and revues. The Shuberts announce a new *Passing Show* for the Winter Garden. *Alt Heidelberg*, with music by Sigmund Romberg and book by Dorothy Donnelly, will be among the first of the plays produced similar to *Blossom Time*. This will be followed by Franz Lehar's operetta, *The Life of Paganini*; a musical version of Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*, by Dorothy Donnelly, and a musical version of Alice Duer Miller's *The Charm School*, with Lynn Overmann featured.

THE attraction for the coming season at the Music Box will be *No, No, Nanette*, H. H. Frazee's musical production, with Louise Groody, Charles Winninger and Blanche Ring among those in the cast. The book is by Frank Mandel and Otto Harbach.

Topsy and Eva, a musical comedy suggested by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with the Duncan Sisters in the leading rôles; *Kittie's Kisses*, a musical version of *Little Miss Brown*, by Philip Bartholomae and Otto Harbach; *Rose Marie*, by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, music by Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart.

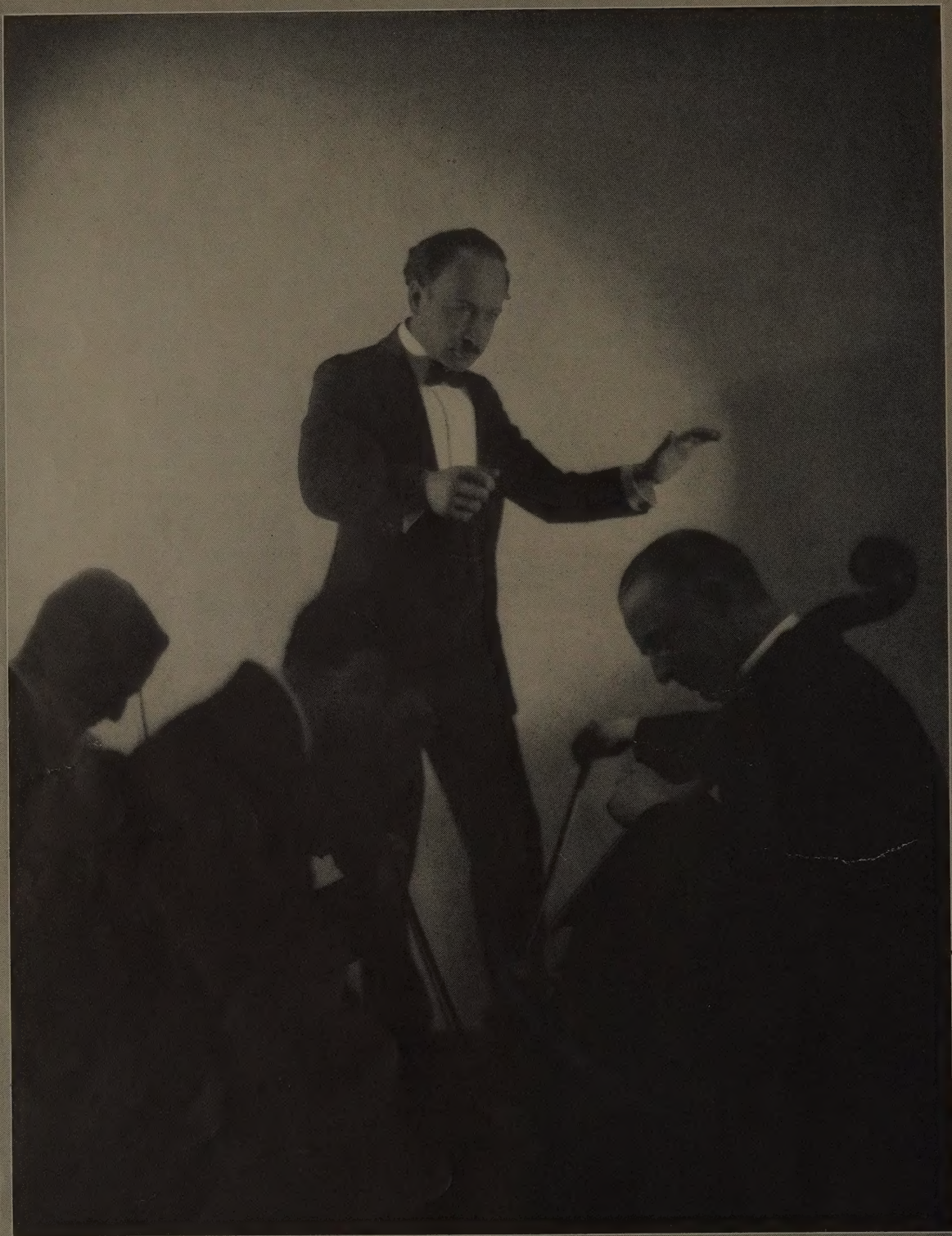
The list of musical plays seems endless and includes *The Dream Girl*, the last work of Victor Herbert, starring Fay Bainter and with book by Rida Johnson Young; *The Little Dutch Girl*, *Gus, the Bus*, by Jack Lait, with Brendel and Burt; *The Silver Dancer*, from Vienna; *The Bedouin Girl*, *Pipsi*, by Engel and Horst; *The Dancing Mask*, with music by Dr. Benetski; *The Most Beautiful of Women*, by Fromme, and *Bacchus Nacht*, which ran for a season in Vienna.

MARTIN BECK will open his new theatre on West Forty-fifth Street about October 1 with *Madame Pompadour*, an operetta by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch, with music by Leo Fall, adapted by Clare Kummer. *The Belle of Quakertown*, with Eddie Buzzell and Helen Ford; *Vanity Fair*, by Philip Goodman, the cast headed by Walter Catlett, Genevieve Tobin and Oscar Shaw; *Oh, Baby*, a musical comedy by William Le Baron and William B. Friedlander.

About November 1 the Selwyns will produce the International Revue called *The Rue de la Paix*, featuring Raquel Meller, the Spanish singing tragédienne; Grock, Swiss clown; Ratocheff's Russian Lilliputians, Jean Nash, the Patou mannikins, Maurice and Hughes and a chorus comprised of girls from every nation. There will be a new *Vanities* by Earl Carroll and a new edition of *The Greenwich Village Follies*, in which the Dolly Sisters will appear.

An English Revue, imported from the Little Theatre of London by Harold Simson, Reginald Arkell and Douglass Furber, music by Herman Finck, will open in October, as will *Dixie to Broadway*, with Florence Mills.

(Continued on page 62)



HUGO RIESENFELD

The Director of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion Theatres. An Interesting Study by Maurice Goldberg

Beware of Ideas!

Playwright's Duty Is To Amuse, Not Preach, Declares Famous British Dramatist

By HENRY ARTHUR JONES

Author of *The Liars*, *The Masqueraders*, etc.

A GREAT number of theatregoers believe that the highest merit a play can have is that of enforcing some moral, religious, social, or political purpose. How many plays have been placed on a summit of lofty achievement because the glaring design of the author has been to educate his audience, to boost a thesis, or to discuss some question of the hour, and by this flagrant means to "elevate the drama."

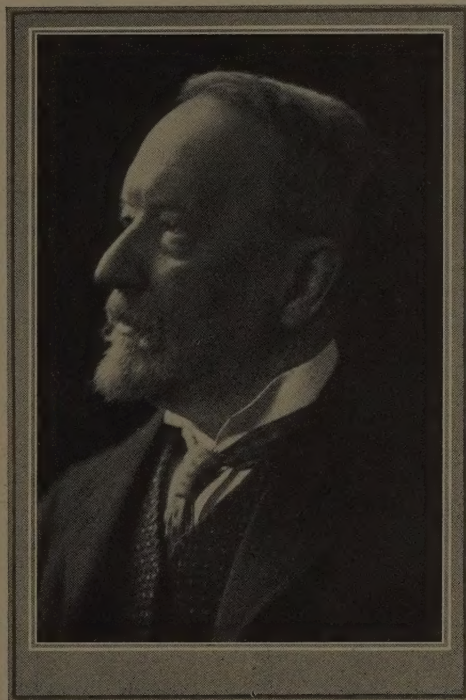
The first and chief aim of any play, be it revue, pantomime, musical comedy, drama, comedy, or tragedy, should be to interest or amuse. The man who says: "When I go to a theatre I want to be amused," is my sworn brother. Any play that does amuse the crowd, so far justifies itself. There are many different levels upon which plays of different classes can interest or amuse playgoers of different tastes, or in different moods. Nor will I be so churlish as to forbid any playgoer to plume and exhilarate himself upon his intellectual superiority to the ordinary run of playgoers, by going to plays that discuss social problems and pretend to solve them.

Sometime ago, I went to a play that had been recommended to me as a masterpiece, because, while carefully despising a plot, avoiding action and defying all principles of dramatic construction, it had the sovereign merit of expounding a current social problem. The problem was Vaccination, and I must own, that after three long acts of argument, the author convinced us of our stupendous national folly in continuing the practice, and of the criminal ignorance of the whole medical profession regarding its effects. On leaving the theatre, I overheard the following conversation between two lady enthusiasts: "Wasn't it lovely? Didn't you enjoy it?" said one of them. "Oh, yes, I enjoyed it thoroughly," replied the other. "But don't you think it was rather dull?"

THE OPINIONATED DRAMATIST

THE first objection to treating social and political problems on the stage, is that it cannot solve them. Any and every solution that the author propounds is but a pretence, easily exposed. Let a doctrinaire dramatist resolve to treat some burning question, say, the relations of Capital and Labor. Already he holds ardent opinions upon the subject, and according to his bias he will frame his story (if he has one) to prove, either that Labor is mercilessly oppressed, or that Capital is unjustly misunderstood. It matters not which side he takes, because he has started out to prove his opinions, rather than to portray character, by means of telling an interesting story. But immediately we round upon him: "Of course, my dear man, you have proved your case, because you created

your own world; you peopled it with your own men and women, and you made them talk and act exactly as you pleased, in order to establish your opinions. But an equally competent playwright, who holds opposite views to your own, can quite as easily write a play to establish his contrary opinions. Away, thou insidious propagandist, dis-



HENRY ARTHUR JONES

Veteran of a hundred stage successes cautions beginners not to try to elevate the stage

guising theyself as a dramatist! Betake thee to the platform, or the pulpit, or the pamphlet!"

On the other hand, we will suppose that the doctrinaire dramatist resolves to remain virtuously detached from personal bias. Like a donkey between two equal burdens, he holds the scales quite evenly in discussing his problem, allows both sides to have an equal say, and seeing that opinions are equally divided, he sums up quite fairly in favor of neither side. Instantly we smite him on the other hip with: "What! You elected to treat this perplexing question, and you have left it just where it was! You haven't even attempted to solve it." The doctrinaire dramatist is always on one or the other horns of this dilemma.

The second objection to plays that treat of present-day social problems, is that they so quickly grow old-fashioned. They are chiefly concerned, not with things that are enduring, the permanent passions, follies and vices common to human nature at all times, but with rebellions, controversies,

and raging topics of the day. Therefore they soon become futile and effete. Just before the War, our intellectual dramatic coteries and societies were busily engaged in elevating the drama by means of plays that vociferously advocated woman's suffrage. In less than five years they were as dead as mutton. More than three hundred years ago Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth*, which, underneath a breathless story of large concerted action, treated of the permanent human passion of ambition. *Macbeth* has therefore been continuously played throughout the civilized world for all the intervening generations. It deals greatly with great things, with primary perennial universal emotions. Therefore it endures through the centuries. It has recently been successfully produced in Japan.

INEFFECTUAL "STRIFE"

I DO not say that a doctrinaire dramatist may not sometimes illuminate his theme and stir his audience to fruitful thought about it; or that he may not exhibit true and living portraits of character that illustrate his transitory message. Mr. Galsworthy's interesting, sincere and deeply moving play of *Strife* is an admirable example of this class. It keeps the attention of the audience; it evenly holds the scales; and vividly shows the folly and futility of strikes, and the misery they cause. Unfortunately it has had so little effect, that since its production strikes have enormously increased in number and virulence.

I do not seek to exclude the doctrinaire play from the stage, or indeed to exclude any kind of play that interests or amuses any kind of audience. I have always fought for the utmost freedom for the dramatist to treat all subjects in his own way. But I do mildly protest against the prevalent notion, that merely because a play exploits some crying question of the hour, or sets out to reform some social abuse, or grievously educates the good patient public, or doses them with "ideas"—I do mildly protest against the prevalent notion, that such plays, merely by virtue of these aims and assumptions, belong to an altogether superior form of drama, which crowns its authors and producers with a halo of intellectual renown, and also confers a like intellectual distinction upon those advanced playgoers who have schooled themselves to endure them. Perhaps the soundest and most charitable judgment that can be passed upon these missionary efforts to elevate the drama, is contained in an adaptable phrase of Lincoln's: "For those who like that sort of play, that's just the sort of play they would like."

(Continued on page 52)

The Men Who Write the Hits

No. 2: Meet Lynn Starling, a Humorist and Satirist, the Author of "Meet the Wife"

By CAROL BIRD

LYNN STARLING writes with his tongue in his cheek.

He talks that way, too. Eyes a-light with a quizzical expression. A provocative smile on his face.

"Think of a love scene such as this," he rhapsodizes. "A young woman in the arms of her lover. 'Will you love me always?' she asks wistfully. 'Forever!' promises the lover. 'For all eternity?' persists the girl, clasped in his encircling arms. 'For all eternity, if possible, but if I cannot love you always, I'll give you the best imitation of love you ever saw.'"

Mr. Starling, during this dialogue, has lapsed into the rôle of the actor, reading the lines as he would deliver them on the stage. Like George Kelly, author of *The Show-Off*, and a number of other young playwrights who are writing the successful plays to-day, the author of *Meet the Wife* was an actor before he was a writer.

"I liked that love scene I wrote into my latest play, *In His Arms*," continued Mr. Starling, a mock-aggrieved expression on his face. "But when the play was tried out in Los Angeles, the sentimentalists wouldn't stand for it. They thought it shocking for a young man to talk to his sweetheart in that vein. My idea in writing the scene in that slightly flippant way was to get away from the conventional love-scenes. If all authors gave play-lovers romantic lines, all stage love-scenes would be alike.

"Lovers in real life indulge in persiflage, even with their sweethearts, and during sweetly solemn moments, too. So my love scene as it was originally written would have gone over all right with some audiences."

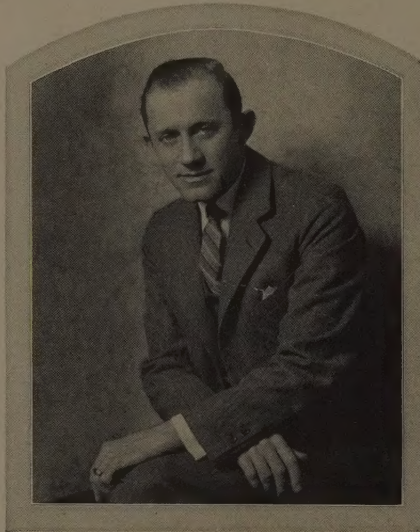
Lynn Starling is just the type of man who, in a genuine love scene staged by himself, would put over a line like that of the lover in the original love scene of his play. And the girl who would be enough amused at this bit of ironic badinage to burst into gay laughter when she heard it, would be loved more fiercely than ever by him. For Lynn Starling, though not in the least a self-centered person, likes an appreciative audience.

THIS one incident of the deleted line in the love-scene of *In His Arms* illustrates perfectly the struggle which is being waged by the ultra-sophisticates, like Mr. Starling, with the unimaginative and literal-minded masses to whom persiflage is something you find in the dictionary, satire, a harsh-sounding word.

"It's a struggle, but we're making advances," confided Mr. Starling. "The last crop of plays had a bolstering effect on the spirits of playwrights who like to write plays with a satirical strain and to audiences who like to see them. Satire is still in the stage where it must be served up in

homeopathic doses. It must be measured out in small quantities first and increased as audiences show a tendency to take more of it. It's exactly the same with music. A conductor doesn't fill his program with classical selections, but intersperses them with rollicking song numbers. So it is with plays.

"I like the overtone of comedy even in serious plays. A playwright can get over



Murray

LYNN STARLING

who had been an actor and who wrote in four weeks Mary Boland's uproarious and clever vehicle, the outstanding farce-comedy of the season

his argument or his philosophy or whatever he wants to get over much more effectively when he coats it with the sugar of mirth. It would be preachment the other way. A wise father doesn't preface his lecture to his son with:

"Now, boy, if this doesn't seep in, I'm going to give you a blame good whaling."

In the library of his home in East Nineteenth Street, Lynn Starling explained how he launched from the field of acting into that of playwrighting. Mr. Starling is a man of magnetic personality, attracting by his ebullient spirits and by his lack of self-consciousness. He has come pretty close to the top of this business of playwrighting, but he doesn't flaunt his success. He has had some hard knocks, but he has never whined about them. He is the type of man who would be philosophical about almost anything that happened to him. Sporting. But the struggling days of his youth are still in the foreground of his memory.

"Look at this wonderful binding," said Lynn Starling, rubbing his hand gently over the mottled green leather of an unexpurgated volume of the *Arabian Nights*. "I love books, but have always lived such a gypsy life that I never before had a home

in which to collect them. Besides, I was too poor to do it. I'm just beginning now."

Mr. Starling was playing with Blanche Bates and Henry Miller in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*, on the Coast, when he wrote his first play, which scored an immediate success. *Meet the Wife* is a comedy which reveals the author's insight into the little foibles of men and women—particularly married ones. It was written in San Francisco in about four weeks.

"I had learned so much about the mechanics of a play—exits, entrances, the building up of scenes and so forth—during my years in the profession, that I frequently thought I would like to write one," said Mr. Starling. "But I never had the impetus. You know what really started my first play germinating? Letter-writing. Frequently friends would write and tell me, after receiving my witty missives (tongue in cheek) that I ought to try a play. They seemed to think I had the gift for writing dialogue. So I thought I'd experiment. I follow the same plan with all my plays as I did with that first one: I usually have the characters in mind and just a vague idea of something I am trying to express. As I write and develop the characters, the characters develop the plot.

"Dialogue is the all-important part of my play to me. That's why I could never write a scenario. It calls for all action. My scenario wouldn't sound like anything when read aloud. But with a play it's different. If you make it live, it isn't so important to the audience what the people in it do as it is that they do the natural thing. If a play is going to warm the hearts of people, you must present universal types. They must be the kind of men and women that people recognize. All likeable characters on the stage are usually ordinary ones. For if an author has in mind an extraordinary type of man or woman, with an unusual quirk in his character, and writes him into a play, that type will not be generally recognized. So what he says and does cannot possibly interest a large number.

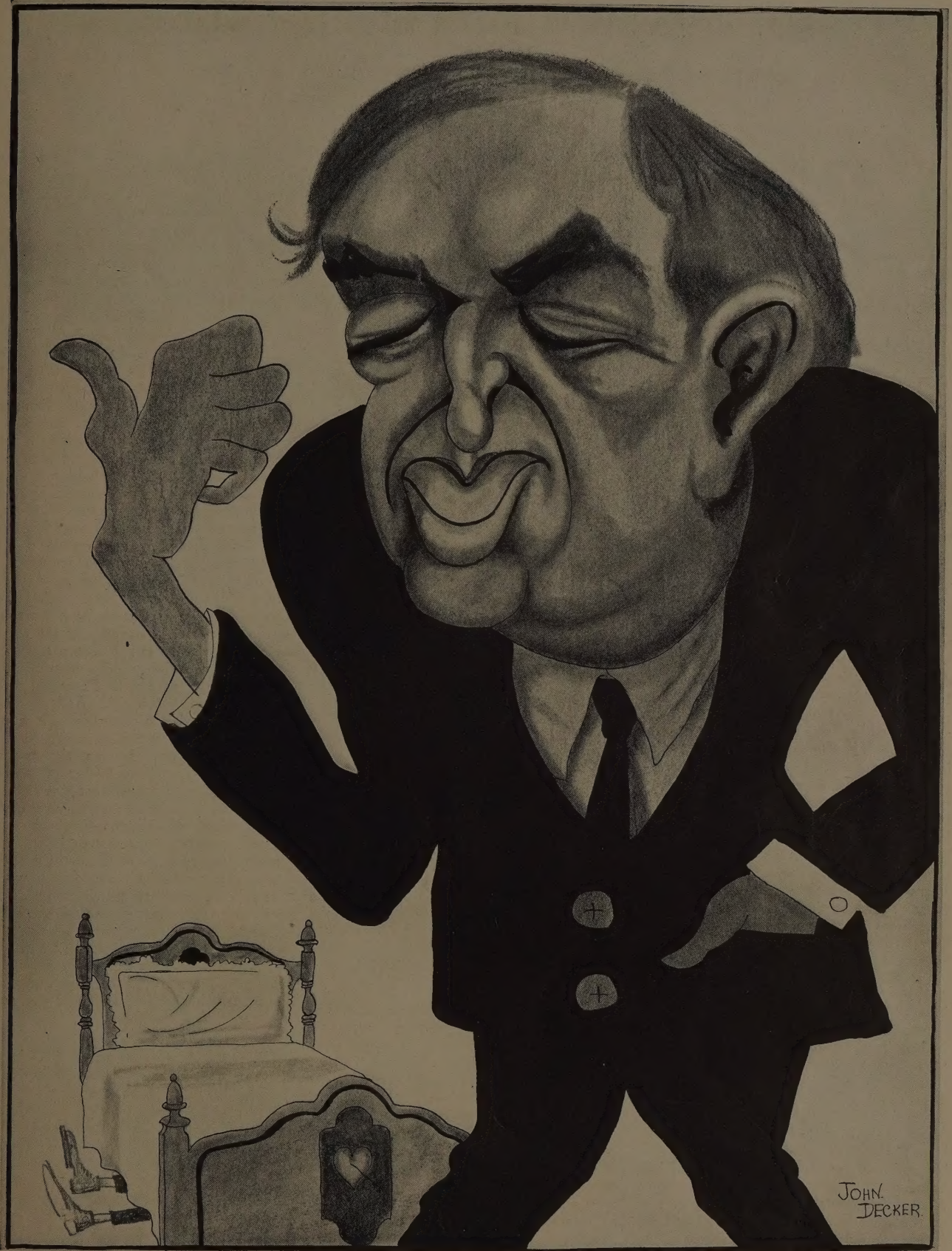
"IN *Meet the Wife*, I knew that I had created familiar types. I knew that a wife would see the play, and, witnessing an irascibility or a foible of her husband's in the husband of the play, would whisper: 'He has that same irritating trick of yours, George.'

"And George, noting that the wife of the play resembled his own mate in some of her characteristics, would, being a bit more cautious than his wife, murmur to himself:

"These women are all Hell-cats, once they get started."

Lynn Starling chuckled. Perhaps he wrote his sure-fire comedy hit to stir up a little dissension in the matrimonial camps, though I have a suspicion that he knows

(Continued on page 54)



OUR BROADWAY PRODUCERS—No. 7, MR. A. H. WOODS

Fly Kiddies' Little Bed-Time Story Man. Next Month: Highbrow William Who Likes Thought

(Caricature by John Decker)

"Hassan"—London Hit Coming to Broadway

Will Flecker's Oriental Play Duplicate English Success Here?

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

AMONG the important openings of the coming theatrical season the greatest interest will undoubtedly centre on the first presentation in America of the oriental play, *Hassan*, which for over a year past has been the sensation of London.

Night after night last season His Majesty's was packed to the doors. I myself had to stand to see this much praised play—the first effort of a man who died eleven years ago. Not, as was stated, of want and misery, but of the white scourge, in a Davos hospital. The author of the play, James Elroy Flecker, was only twenty-nine when he passed on. He had had a rather sad and distressful life; part of it spent in a vain search for health in the British consular service, wandering through the near-East. At Smyrna, and later on at Beyrout, he had become fascinated by the old Eastern myths. He was a poet, in some moods, and had written verse. But he aspired to be a dramatist. The result was *Hassan*.

PRAISE SOMEWHAT OVERDONE

TODAY Flecker is famous. Much good it will do him. Essays have been devoted to him and to his alleged genius. His life, told in a stout volume, has been related by a biographer. According to more than one reviewer, had he lived on for a few years, he would have developed into a not unworthy successor to the greatest of all English dramatists. Go where you will, people are talking of Flecker, Flecker, Flecker. It takes some courage to resist the influence of such adulation. Yet ———.

With regret (for it is always ungracious to speak unfeelingly of a young author) I am unable, after one hearing of this *Hassan*, to share the enthusiasm of the late Mr. Flecker's eulogists. The praise which they have heaped on him seems to me exaggerated, and the attempt to link him with the immortal Bard absurd.

What Mr. Flecker might have grown into, had his career been longer, I do not know. But this I do know. When he died he had in him the making of a good poet, of perhaps the second rank, with but little that would warrant one in assuming that he would have blossomed into a successful dramatist. For, judging him by his one play, he had neither the ability to construct nor the power to characterize. These are essentials of poetic play-writing. Some of the verse he has contributed to *Hassan* seems to me charming. Some of it, on the other hand, is nonsensical. And the best verse is delivered, despite logic, by the "hero" (who is not the hero, but only an incidental character, a mere on-looker), a man who, in one breath, speaks as a vulgar confectioner of Bagdad, without manners or education, and who, in the next, delights one by rhapsodies in the vein of Hafiz or Omar, the Tent-maker. Which,

in the words of Euclid, "is impossible."

When *Hassan* is played on Broadway, do not expect to find it an immature master-piece. It is far from that. Look forward only to the revelation of a work which has in it some fantasy, a number of beguiling episodes, and a few exquisite verses. These, of themselves may justify its performance



MALCOLM KEEN
As the Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid

in America. Poetry is, unfortunately, not so common a ware on the White Way that we can afford to slight even a taste of it.

Hassan is one more of those tales of Persia which have been born of the old *Thousand and One Nights*. It has some relationship, of a vague kind, with the *Story of a Calendar*, and it recreates for us, in an unpleasant way, *Haroun-al-Raschid*. The nominal hero of the title, the poor confectioner, has fallen desperately in love with a fair harlot named Yasmin, to whom at intervals he indites verses, such as no Hassan in the world could have invented. Yasmin flouts him in the first of the five acts, and he falls senseless just below her balcony. But the verses—the incredibly fine verses—which he had addressed to her have been overheard by the Court Minstrel, Ishak, who takes a fancy to him. Ishak, with the Grand Vizir, Jafar; Mas-

reer, the High Executioner; and Haroun-al-Raschid, Caliph of the Faithful, is roaming about Bagdad in the moonlight, seeking adventure. Plenty of it awaits the party. At the last moment, however, Ishak declines to follow his companions when they are hoisted by a basket into the House of the Moving Walls, and sends up Hassan in his place.

The house in question proves to be the secret headquarters of one Rafi, King of the Beggars and self-styled Caliph of the Unfaithful, who is burning to avenge the ruthless abduction by Haroun-al-Raschid of his beautiful sweetheart, Pervaneh. From this point on, Hassan takes a back seat in the plot, and Rafi becomes the hero, or centre of interest. But, incidentally, the confectioner helps the real Caliph to escape from the house in which he has been imprisoned within "moving walls" of iron. For this service the Caliph pays him with his friendship, and bestows on him a pavilion in his palace, where he is visited by the now hated harlot, Yasmin, who has heard of his prosperity. He repudiates her; but at last she wins him by her wooing, which, to put things mildly, is the reverse of coy or timid. Rafi is captured, brought before Haroun-al-Raschid, and condemned to death by torture with Pervaneh, unless he renounces his beloved. And now Mr. Flecker, who has already defied the proprieties of construction by switching dramatic interest from Hassan, the supposed hero, to Rafi, outrages the laws of characterization by changing that worthy from a fearless rebel into an arrant coward, who shirks death and entreats Pervaneh to become the tyrant's paramour. Then, with another twist of his too-artless pen, he restores Rafi's courage. The two lovers, in the jail where they now lie, choose death with love. Both are granted them. While Hassan, who has forgotten his allegiance in his abhorrence of the Caliph's cruelty, is degraded from his new dignities and ordered to attend the atrocious butchery, by rack and wheel, of Rafi and Pervaneh.

FINE POETIC QUALITY

THE march to execution of those lovers, and their torture (which, mercifully, occurs "off stage") are the culmination of the drama. Shattered by emotion and loathing the tyrant who has deserted him, Hassan abjures Yasmin (who flings herself into the arms of the Executioner) and leaves Bagdad, with Ishak, the Caliph's minstrel, and a caravan, to go on the long "golden journey to Samarkand." And Hassan, as he goes, declaims these lines, which are among the most tuneful Mr. Flecker has devised:

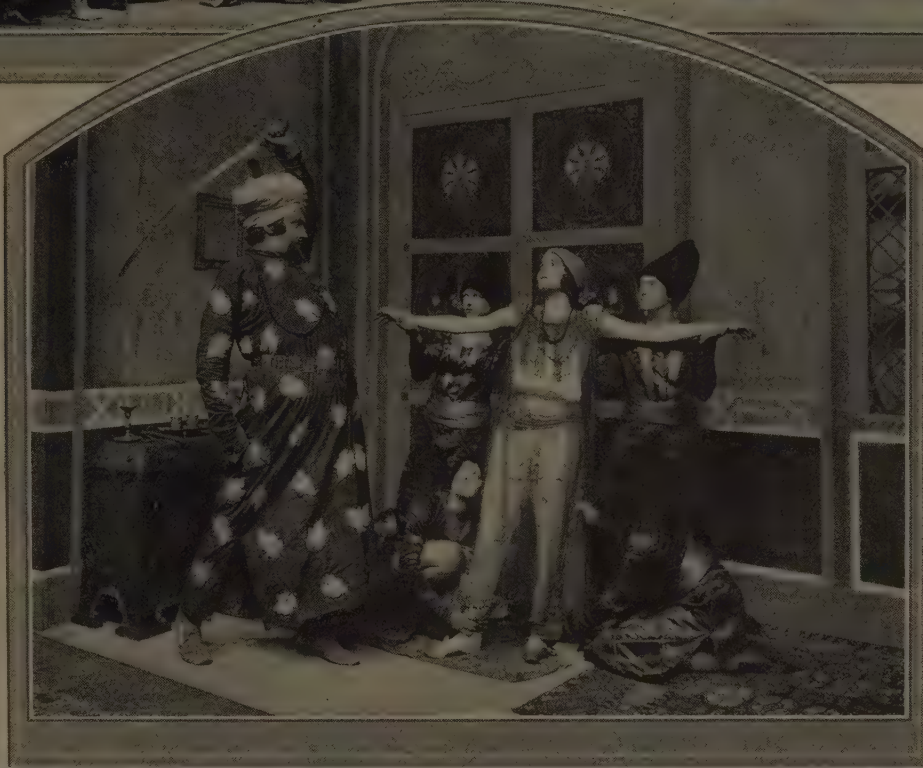
*Sweet to ride forth at evening from the well,
When shadows pass gigantic on the sands,
And softly through the silence beat the bells
Along the Golden Road to Samarkand.*

(Continued on page 52)



The Caliph (*Malcolm Keen*), Hassan (*Henry Ainley*), and Jafar (*Frank Cochran*) rescued from the House of the Moving Walls

Hassan, enraged that Yasmin (*Cathleen Nesbitt*), having scorned him when he was but a confectioner of Bagdad, should now in his days of prosperity offer herself so shamelessly, threatens to kill her



At the Gate of the Moon, Bagdad. The caravan starts at dawn to make the Golden Journey to Samarkand. Hassan and Ishak the minstrel stand at R

"HASSAN" A GORGEOUS AND COLORFUL ORIENTAL SPECTACLE

Flecker's Much Talked About Poetic Play Soon to Be Staged on Broadway

(Below) Fay Bainter and Walter Woolf give charming voice to the love theme



Miss Bainter and three of the girls receive advice . . . from the housekeeper. (Below) The star reclines when the title-rôle requires dreaming



And here they are — the chorus of beauties — breezy, nimble and more than passing fair, the staunch supporters of the dream girl until everything comes right with the finale

Photographs by White, New York

THE NEW PLAY: "THE DREAM GIRL"

Fay Bainter in a Musical Version of "The Road to Yesterday"—Victor Herbert's Last Light Opera

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



By HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS
THE MELODRAMA:

Colonel Jeffrey, Mr. Percy Baverstock; Jasper Oakley, Mr. Frank Hubert; Mark Ingestrie, a Mariner, Mr. Charles Penman; Sweeney Todd, Mr. Robert Vivian; Dr. Aminadab Lupin, a Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, Mr. Elwyn Eaton; Jarvis Williams, a Lad with no small appetite, Mr. Edward Jephson; Jonas Fogg, the Keeper of a Madhouse, Mr. George Sydenham; Jean Parmine, a Lapidary, Mr. William A. Evans; Tobias Ragg, Sweeney Todd's Apprentice-boy, Miss Jeanie Begg; Mrs. Oakley, Jasper's Wife, Miss Venie Atherton; Johanna, her Daughter, Miss Mercedes Desmore; Mrs. Lovett, Sweeney Todd's Accomplice in Guilt, Miss Raphaella Ottiano.

terranean bakery wherein an evil wretch concocts Todd's human pastries, and such restful localities. The play is acted by a fine company, with complete fidelity to the dramatic school of that period. As a novelty it is amusing.

But the opera burlesque is not. Opera itself verges occasionally so close to burlesque, it ill lends itself to this phase of teasing. *Bombastes Furioso* is unfunny and a bore.

Mr. Dodge has preserved remarkably the spirit and illusion of the time from which he has borrowed his offering. A man totters across the stage, making a show of lighting the foot-lamps, the curtain sticks, corpses wriggle out of the path of its descent, the house appropriately hisses the villain. But it also walks out on the musical after-piece.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Smart and unusual satire on big business and modern society—acted with much humor by Roland Young.

I'LL SAY SHE IS—The Marx Brothers' musical show—low comedy, but hilariously funny.

EXPRESSING WILLIE—Amusing comedy of American life acted by an exceptional cast.

THE SHOW-OFF—American comedy by George Kelly, offering an exceptional character study and some fine acting by Louis Bartels in the title-rôle.

FATA MORGANA—An Hungarian study of disillusionment and youth, poignantly played by Morgan Farley.

CHARLOT'S REVUE—The consistently popular English musical show, unusual in material and personalities, with Beatrice Lillie, who has scored sensationally.

SCANDALS—Up to Mr. White's satisfactory standard.

FASHION—A picturesque and amusing revival of a comedy hit of 1842.

THE BURLESQUE OPERETTA:

Artaxominous, King of Utopia, Mr. Elwyn Eaton; Fusbos, Minister of State, Mr. Charles Penman; General Bombastes, Mr. George Sydenham; Court Jester, Signor Icilio Sadun; Keeper of the Bowl, Mr. William A. Evans; Chamberlain, Mr. Frank Hubert; Distaffina, Miss Mercedes Desmore.

SUCH an enterprise is one of those which either succeed tremendously or fail utterly. A novelty must catch on. Far worse entertainment has become a New York vogue. It's all a trick of public fancy. But there is very grave indication that Mr. Dodge's unique importation will suffer misfortune.

The melodrama is one of those lurid literary antiquities, dripping with blood and sly villainy, gilded with transcendent purity and nobility. Sweeney Todd is a bloodthirsty and avaricious barber who butchers his clients and has them made into veal pies. A pretty thought, and one which is adroitly and delightfully acted upon by Mr. Robert Vivian as the sinister rapscallion.

Of course, there is the coveted heroine, prone to tears and fainting—the true and loyal seafaring hero who miraculously escapes being “polished off” by the barber—and a thoroughly amusing character of Colonel Jeffrey, given to flowery speeches and grand nobilities and played with rare humor by Mr. Percy Baverstock.

The scenes of the opus are laid in the outrageous barber-shop, a madhouse, the sub-

Scandals of 1924

George White's annual revue. Book by William K. Wells and George White; lyrics by B. G. De Sylva; music by George Gershwin; presented at the Apollo Theatre on June 30 with the following principals:

Williams Sisters, Harry Morrissey, Jim Carty, Will Mahoney, Tom Ross, Olive Vaughn, Newton Alexander, Fred Lyons, James Miller, Thea Lightner, Lester Allen, Winnie Lightner, Kitty Williams, Tom Patricola, Helen Hudson, Alice Weaver, Richard Bold and the DeMarcos.

THE graceful and gifted Mr. White has upheld his reputation for giving Broadway a revue in which beauty, daring and—happily—comedy, meet in a satisfying alliance. The new *Scandals* is not sensationally better than its predecessors and not less good. Both the costumes and the lack of them are brilliant features, and the gorgeous scenes melt into each other with bewildering effect. Alice Weaver, a very young and winsome danseuse, is charming, and Helen Hudson, the prima donna of last year's edition, has improved both in voice and stage presence, handling several numbers very effectively.

As usual, the revue draws heavily upon vaudeville. Tom Patricola, last season's loot, again shines with his remarkable mandolin and high foolishness. And Will Mahoney, the product of this year's music-hall pillage, contributes some gorgeous comedy. Lester Allen and Winnie Lightner are other names to conjure fun.

One sketch, called *Ah*, a social melodrama in which not another word is uttered, is highly amusing, and the spectacular second-act opening, *Mah Jongg*, is highly gorgeous and bizarre. The music score numbers not a few potential hits. *Somebody Loves Me* already has become one. Mr. White's is primarily a beauty show. But one of the most beautiful moments in it is dedicated to a merciless and convulsive burlesque of Brooke Johns and Ann Pennington by Tom Patricola and Lester Allen. A good bet for devotees of revue and musical extravaganza vaudeville's followers will discover much that they have seen before.

THE so-called “summer show” this season seems to have fallen into obsolescence. It may have been the Equity managerial dissension, the general precariousness of the business, or the unexpected failure of the Democratic convention to bring *S. R. O.* signs to the box-office and bags of gold to the speculators. But the fact remains that the mid-summer season is singularly dead, even for its usual languid temperament. A dozen shows close for every one that opens. Those which continue to run are the well-established hits, and the playgoer who has seen them during the height of their spring and winter popularity finds small choice for diversion among the new offerings.

Mr. Ziegfeld has opened his usual *Follies* and left upon the Rialto the impression of an underdone egg—mere possibilities. The usual glorified girls, Ann Pennington's usual glorified knees and Will Rogers' familiar glorified humor. Dissension in the Atlantic City opening camp of the impresario robbed the revue of many of its strong features and almost all of its comedy.

September shows are in the throes of hinterland try-outs, and reports from those regions convey many encouragements and many warnings. Several new producing firms have been incorporated and youth has given the theatre fresh impetus. The authors of most of last season's hits already have begun casting new plays.

Away in the lower East Side the Neighborhood Playhouse has furnished one of the summer's theatrical sensations with the *Grand Street Follies*. Even in that remote neighborhood the house has been packed nightly with smart uptown enthusiasts. The revue is a deft, intelligent, humorous satire on the uptown theatre—and one is repaid for the journey thither by seeing one's favorite play, star or critic beautifully burlesqued. The revue probably would have a tremendous vogue in an uptown theatre and run for months, because there are not only ideas but exceptional talent in it. But by the very nature of the satire it is better suited to its submerged house.

THE sensational hit made by *Fashion* threatens to inspire a vogue for revival. We hear talk of reviving this, reviving that, and already Wendell Phillips Dodge has made his debut as a producer by offering

Sweeney Todd

THE BARBER OF FLEET STREET; OR, THE STRING OF PEARLS,

in two acts and seven scenes by George Dibdin Pitt; first performed at the Britannia Theatre, London, in 1842, followed by the oldest musical burlesque in the English language,

Bombastes Furioso

first performed at the Theatre Royal in 1719.



Nickolas Muray

KAY LAURELL: SOON TO ESSAY MODERN TRAGEDY

The Well-Known Beauty Will Supplement the Success of Her Last Season with "Whispering Wires" and the French, "Officer 666," by Appearing in a Vivid Dramatic Rôle in a Play of Caste and the Circus

Three New Theatrical Sensations

A Modern Ballet—A Cossack Chorus—A Reinhardt Private Production—New and Absorbing Features of the European Season

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER

SUMMER reduces the continental theatre to one level—the level of Forty-Second Street in mid-July. And in most of the European metropoli, the performances are not merely of the same genre as Broadway, they are Broadway. In nothing is the Americanization of Europe so apparent as in the invasion of the cinema and the summer "show." London, during the silly season, devoted itself to Dorothy Dickson, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra and the coffee-colored fascinations of Florence Mills' *Plantation Review*. Paris rocked with American jazz, toddled with Harry Pilcer, while its handsomest (and most "Parisian") revue was headed by the Dolly Sisters. Vienna, still moving to the rhythms of Strauss and Lehar, was less responsive to the American invasion. Yet even here, the farces and melodramas had a familiar flavor. It was with a peculiar surprise that one realized that *Der Mustergatte* was merely a Viennese version of Avery Hopwood's *Fair and Warmer*, that *Das Zeichen an der Türe* was a strict translation of Channing Pollock's *The Sign on the Door*, that *Der Fremde* was just as sentimental in its German accents as it was when Jerome K. Jerome first wrote it as *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, and that the *Mord im Hause Jeffries* was—how time flies!—our old and resurrected friend *The Third Degree*, by the late Charles Klein! But it would be unwise to make the generalities too particular. Stock companies are stock companies the world over, and the backfish in Vienna applauds the same claptrap that stirs the flapper and the wife of the tired business man in Brooklyn — especially in August.

AND yet, in the very heart of mid-summer, three events occurred that may well take a place in theatrical history. The first took place in Paris on the stage of the Gaieté Lyrique and marked the highest achievement in the Russian Ballet's long list of climaxes. More extraordinary in every way than anything this experimental organization had ever attempted, *Noces* enlisted the services of three uncompromising collaborators. The music—and words—(a mixed chorus is used throughout the entire action) are by Igor Stravinsky, the most outstanding figure in the musical world to-day; the choreography by La Nijinska, who has carried the technique of the dance far beyond the limitations of her better-known brother; the settings and costumes by Gontcharova, a

disciple of Picasso. There is no plot, not even the suggestion of a story. Under the printed "Argument" appears nothing but the line: *Village Wedding Ceremonies*, and beneath this, the outline of the four scenes—1st Tableau: Consecration of the Fiancée. 2nd Tableau: Consecration of



T. Enrietty, Paris

NOCES

Two groups from this stark and unusual ritualistic ballet by La Nijinska

the Fiancé. 3rd Tableau: Departure of the Fiancée from her Father's home. 4th.: The Marriage-Feast. The first shock of surprise came at the very rise of the curtain. For here, instead of the peasant greens, the opulent yellows, the clash of emphasized barbaric brilliance that had been the very idiom of the Russian Ballet and which the sub-title itself seemed to promise, was nothing but a flat background against which was arranged a group of girls in black and white. This black and white pattern was maintained through a set of the most intricate plastic arrangements ever unfolded on the stage, a bewildering series of units scattered, disintegrated and re-uniting about a central figure. It was the extreme polyphony of the dance, a contrapuntal movement that marked as much an advance on the modern ballet as did Isidora Duncan's departure from the pirouettes and

postures of the traditional schools. Eight girls attending the bride, dressing her hair, which they coiled in two serpent-like braids twenty feet long, bidding her farewell—yet in these sinuous and involuted patterns, the very essence of longing, the drooping fears of maidenhood, the virgin ecstasies were symbolized. Ten youths locking hands about the bridegroom, inspiring him with the strength of their comradeship, indulging in a kind of glorified calisthenic ritual—and here, in the knotted vigor, the liberated gesture, was the ardor of young manhood, the firm resolve, the compact masculine fire and energy. Geometrical in its elaborate precision, *Noces* was—in spite of the absence of any narrative or dramatic suspense—more intense in its communication than the ballet's most theatrical attempts. Always held within a composition of conflicting curves and sharply opposed angles, the spirit evoked never ceased to be thrillingly emotional.

MUCH of this emotional intensity was due to the music of Stravinsky, throbbing beneath the fluctuating design. It is a strange assembling of sounds, even in these days of strange timbres, a new world of tonal colors and contrary rhythms that Stravinsky has created in this revolutionary work—undoubtedly his most astonishing performance—experimentally as far beyond the radical *Le Sacre du Printemps* (which, two years ago, was jeered off the stage) as his *Petrouchka* (which, once condemned as a jumble of dissonances, now seems little more than a medley of folk-tunes) is beyond his academic *First Symphony*. To achieve the utmost definition of rhythm, Stravinsky in *Noces* has discarded the sweeping violins, the languorous flutes, mellow woodwinds and horns—he has eliminated, in short, all the instruments which may blur or soften the edge of his piercing lines. The score of *Noces* calls only for an orchestra of percussion—gongs, cymbals, triangles, pianos, a battery of drums—the place of the rest of melody-carrying instruments being taken by a chorus of mixed voices. Even here, Stravinsky takes another daring step. For, instead of using his voices to compensate for the lack of lyric suavity, the human organ is employed in an almost percussive manner. The voices scarcely sing; they seem to be struck from the throat. Intervals and combinations hitherto unheard, unimagined stress of tone, black drums and the curious whiteness of the Russian sopranos reinforcing
(Continued on page 56)



QUEENIE SMITH,

whose rare grace and sensational agility are flavored with a sly and roguish sense of comedy. An overnight sensation on Broadway last season, her engagement this year with *Sittin' Pretty* contributed to her career the final illumination of a star



MARTHA LORBER,

stately, slim and of an exquisite blonde loveliness, her art is vital with a poetic mood and assumes more classic expression. Her Broadway hit was made in a Gess spectacle, and she now moves through the *Follies* as an especially brilliant meteor

REMOTELY RELATED SISTERS IN ART

Two Dancers of Widely Different Moods Meet in the Mutual Affinity of Beauty and Charm.

(Portraits by Goldberg)

The First Night—Then and Now

Rag-time Critics and Upstart Sports Have Made the New York Opening as a Social Event a Joke

By JAMES S. METCALFE

LAMENTATION profits no one. To voice it is breath wasted. Still, the knowledge that they are of the irrevocable past adds a mournful interest to the contemplation of the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome. Just so, there is a pleasure in considering theatrical first nights of the past, that does not attach to the actual witnessing of first performances of the present. To picture the former as events of artistic and social importance, and the latter as merely launchings of commercial enterprises does not necessarily make the commentator, no more than a biased admirer of the palmy days, a *laudator temporis acti*. The first nights that were first nights, in the real meaning of the term, are in the too recent past, and there are still living too many witnesses of their significance to let a charge of exaggeration lie against any one who makes the comparison in their favor.

WE do not need to go back into ancient and foggy history for the purposes of our comparison. We could find, no doubt, by ransacking the early records, that there were important openings with the brilliancy increased by the scarlet coats of King George's officers and, later on, by the buff and blue of the Continentals come back into their own under the leadership of Washington and Lafayette. Nor do we have to consider the later periods, during which the theatre in New York worked its way uptown towards Union Square in step with the city's growth, with first nights sometimes marked by rows and riots, as well as by audiences distinguished and brilliant for their time. It is when we get into the theatrical epoch well within memory that we find these occasions reaching their acme as social and artistic events. It is so recent as when Wallack's was at Thirteenth Street, and the names of Daly and Palmer were beginning to rise on the theatrical horizon.

THEN new York was commencing to feel its oats as a metropolis. The improvements in ocean transportation had brought America's principal port into closer touch with the social customs of European capitals. Knocking at the doors of its old aristocracy, whose leaders were mostly of Knickerbocker descent, were a host of the socially ambitious, who had been enriched directly and indirectly by the Civil War. Boston was reluctantly yielding to New York her supremacy as the literary centre

of the United States. Business and social life were feverish as an after-condition of the war, and Wall Street, with speculation at high flood, was an important influence in both. Women were closer to Paris than they had been, and Parisian fashions were more closely followed. French cookery was beginning to be a factor in American eating. Foreign wines were finding a

against the stage as an institution and as a legitimate source of diversion. The new theatres more than competed with the old ones in comfort and luxury and in stage possibilities. What went on in them became more important in the public prints and the social life of the time. The patronage in orchestra and galleries increased with the growth of interest, and day-time performances were introduced. The imported idea which carried with it the imported name of *matinée* made it possible, even for women who were not fortunate enough to have male escorts, to enjoy the pleasure of playgoing.

NEW YORK had then a defined good society and a social season, which things have, under present-day conditions, mostly transferred themselves to the places favored by the better class families for their out-of-town homes. Not every one knew every one else as in the smaller places, but the city was not so big as to preclude a fairly general and distinct understanding of who was who in its social life. That phase of existence was carried on in a more leisurely fashion, and with more dignity than in these days of jazz. There was more intelligent talk of books and pictures and plays than of passing events such as flood our prints today and are forgotten tomorrow. The production of new plays in the better class of theatres, even the revivals of old ones in new conditions, were serious topics of discussion among a class of people whose descendants and successors have for the most part come to regard the theatre with indifference, and only to be witnessed on occasions of unusual importance.

IN the third of a century following the Civil War, the theatre in New York reached heights as a social institution which it had not known before, and from which it has since declined. There are many more theatres than there were then, and vastly greater sums pour into their coffers, but the theatre itself has changed as the people have changed. In the period mentioned to go to the theatre was an event in itself to which a dinner preceding or a supper following was a minor consideration. A more serious attention was directed to what the stage had to offer.

It followed that with such a public and with not so many other amusements to divert its attention from the fewer new



Unimportant persons have the curious ambition to be known as "first nighters"

place on our tables, and champagne in large quantities was popular, even if New York had not at that time learned that there was a difference in vintages—a knowledge now, alas, turned useless.

But New York was still thoroughly an American city. Immigration had been on the increase, but it was almost entirely from Ireland and Germany. The Irish had not then achieved the wealth and power enjoyed by the more recent generations, and were not a factor in social life. There were a few brilliant exceptions in professional and literary circles, but the race was mostly contributing brawn and muscle to our material development. The Germans never clung so tenaciously to New York, and made themselves more strongly felt in other communities.

The time was favorable to the growth of the theatre. The number of playhouses increased with the rapid building of the city to the North, and a weakening of the old Puritan and dissenting prejudice

Pricking the Foreign Bubble

"The King Is Naked!" Cried the Child, Embarrassing His Elders by an Ingenuous Frankness

By JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

THE invasion of New York's theatrical field by foreign companies, playing in alien tongues, has been a marked phenomenon of the past few seasons, and will probably have no end until Broadway turns a deaf purse upon the visitors. There have been signs, of late, that this moment is not far off. Many critics whose reviews here recognize reputations abroad have accorded to certain troupes receptions of dignified, even cordial, respect; but the "sporting-page" reviewers of the theatre have set themselves on record as scorning such sham; they scoff at or ignore European fame and insist upon the "show-down" of American performance. The public, that flocks in tempestuous admiration to one playhouse of the foreigners, abandons another to a yawning deficit. As the patronage of our audiences is determined by many causes in no way involving dramatic merit, it might be of interest to inquire as to the impulses that have popularized or left lonesome the theatrical companies from abroad.

The most potent factor in winning an American audience was publicity. We say "was" advisedly, for continued dinning in our ears palls, and, much as we may have bowed down before the Moscow Art Theatre, we cannot be expected to accept calmly the announcements of a dozen foreign companies that they are superior to anything we can offer. "It's great to be a New Yorker," signals the *Subway Sun*. The slogan is true to the spirit of the smug business man who knows that his country produces the best tractors and breakfast foods and mattresses, and he will not accept less than second (or, at worst, third) place in the theatre.

MOSCOVITES LARGELY A FAD

IT seems to us that, without the aid of some external attraction, the most competent group of foreign artists will not succeed in America. The Moscow Art Theatre, first of the importations on a scale of considerable magnitude, won favor through the fact that it was the first important foreign company, through all the *réclame* its producers skilfully built upon what we already knew of its achievements, and especially through the fact that because of these it managed to become the fashion. It was good form to enjoy the Moscow Art Theatre. In this connection we recall the comments of the courtiers on the king's magic robe, until a child cried out that the king was naked. Personally—to sharpen our point—we were quite familiar with *The Lower Depths*; but before seeing it we reread the play. In Act II there are perhaps forty minutes of conversation; during most of this the characters sit around the stage; occasionally a pair of legs is uncrossed, or a man paces the room as he talks. How anyone ignorant of the language, even though he be acquainted with the theme of their discourse and can guess its progression,

how any such person can fail to be bored, is still beyond our comprehension.

In their consideration of the novelty of Yiddish plays on Broadway, critics relaxed in their precautions. Therefore, we find one spending his last paragraph in self-congratulation on the fact that he had, of his unaided mind, understood two words—appropriately, "grössten Naar." And another compliments Tomashefsky on his spirited playing of the violin, an accomplishment of which the actor was unaware until he read the criticism. This reviewer ventures even farther: he calls the vigorous, bouncing Russian peasant a "typical flapper," and speaks of her mother, of the "intelligent, sympathetic mother," portrayed by—the young heroine, who marries the hero at the end! If this be the understanding of the trained theatrical observer, for two of the city's most prominent theatrical pages, what must be the fate of the casual playgoer?

THE CRITICS BEWILDERED

AN even better opportunity for all the critics to betray themselves, a time when they could not mask ignorance behind facetiousness, came when the Moscow Art Theatre presented Knut Hamsun's *In the Claws of Life*, of which there is no English translation. The bewilderment of the critics, as described by one of the most scholarly, was unanimous and complete. "Those who have proclaimed that it isn't necessary to know what these actors are saying, 'because their art is so wonderful,' had a chance to make good," this critic states. Speaking of the end of Act I and of the critical nullity, he continues, speaking of himself as "Socrates": "He did not ask what were the precise shadings of this and of that character. He did not even ask what the fable was and who the protagonist. All that, nobody knew—not even the author of the program scenario. But he did want to find out approximately what kind of play it was, its genus, and, perhaps, its species—whether comedy or tragedy, farce drama, or melodrama." Ignorance could hardly go further, or continue longer, for at the end, Socrates left, muttering: "All I know is how little I know." But if you think he was overcome with modesty you are mistaken. He added, with some asperity: "Those others don't even know that." This bit of critical frankness shows how fit the critics are to judge the talent of the performers.

More than publicity or incomprehensibility may combine to account for the success of a play in a foreign tongue. The Yiddish Theatre on Broadway is somewhat of a curiosity, an upstart whose daring wears something attractive, or an outpost supported by thousands who are familiar with the language. The vaudeville of the Chauve-Souris wielded a slapstick, thrust in its cheek a tongue older than Babel, that

a man without a language could comprehend. More may perhaps be said for the legitimate success of a single star; a company of artists jabbering at one another in a foreign tongue is too much; one famous actor or actress (whose individual reputé comes in advance) is more likely to win our concentration. We usually know the mood to expect from such a person; we await a particular type of stimulation. So it may be true that an actress can win tears by reciting the alphabet in her renowned pathetic tones. Nonetheless, external circumstances seem usually to determine success or failure. Tilla Durieux, an actress trained by Reinhardt, was playing here while the "miracle man" was given enormous publicity. She gave New York some of the best pantomimic business it has seen in years; yet her splendid performances were neglected, clouded by the fog of other publicity. On the other hand, Mme. Sorel, of the Théâtre Français, was here at the height of our fervor for the French, with Clemenceau stopping around the corner. Furthermore, during her brief stay she offered only plays that are studied in our high schools and colleges, so that she drew many teachers and students.

THE DUSE TRADITION

ELEONORA DUSE (as Sarah Bernhardt in her last appearances) drew a vast audience that was a tribute to her great career, but as straightforward theatrical entertainment (squinting a little, perhaps, in our endeavor not to be blinded by the glamour), we saw little of value in the appearance of this elderly lady without makeup, in various young parts. The plays bored us, even though we knew them, for we were unable to follow the psychological progression of the characters. And we feel somehow incapable of judging the merit of an actress whose words we cannot understand. We can see the grace of her movements, hear the bell-like tones of her voice; but to estimate her histrionic skill and her interpretation of the part still seems presumptuous. We noticed that critics, in praising her, stressed such elements as these, or spoke poetically or traditionally of her power.

The fate of a foreign company in America, then, in no way indicates the value of its contribution to the theatre, but is determined by external, almost fortuitous circumstances which it can often neither foresee nor control. The better the work, the more psychological in its progression, the more it stresses internal conflict rather than external strife, or depends for its effect upon human expression rather than stage business, the less likelihood is there of its quality being discerned, its worth recognized, enjoyed and rewarded by the continued enthusiastic attendance of playgoers. The Chauve-Souris remains the most popular theatrical company that has played here in a foreign tongue.



Monroe

LORRAINE MANVILLE: A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY STAR

The Engaging Daughter of T. Frank Manville, the Asbestos King, Whose Charm and Talent in the Title Rôle of "Plain Jane" Have Ignited Fire-proof Broadway

Art in "The Open Spaces"

Moroni Olsen Players an Interesting Echo of the Theatre Guild in the Drama-ravenous Northwest

By GEORGE O'NEAL
of "The Journal," Portland, Oregon

OVER a grocery store in Ogden, Utah, there is a loft heated by two coal stoves. In this obscure retreat was developed an idea which has commanded admiration through all of the Northwest and supplied many play-hungry people with substantial dramatic fare such as the commercial theatres, for reasons of one sort or another, have not been able to furnish. This loft is the home of the Moroni Olsen Players' circuit repertoire theatre, an original experiment in play production which has in its conception the elements of a sound, vital and permanent institution.

What the Theatre Guild has done for New York, this sturdy, resourceful organization is accomplishing in the Northwest, receiving in the vast territory between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast, eager, energetic support, and achieving, in spite of severest handicaps, through clear vision, hard work, and intelligent application, most gratifying results.

A circuit repertoire company, as conceived and organized by the Moroni Olsen Players, consists of a compact organization of actors and stage craftsmen, devoted to play production and presenting a repertoire season of worth-while plays over a wide itinerary.

Good road shows under the customary commercial management do come to the Northwest. Plays with broad popular appeal, musical comedies, revues and a few courageous stars, with some degree of regularity, visit Portland (from which point of view any comparative analysis in this story must be studied). *The Bat*, for instance, has been to Portland four times.

Yet the Theatre Guild's production of St. John Ervine's *John Ferguson* almost failed completely in Portland. Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre barely escaped disaster during a recent season, faring perhaps much worse.

The theatre patrons in most communities who demand the play of distinction are in a minority. This class cannot support a road show.

PLAYS OF UNUSUAL INTEREST

PLAYS of distinction—it hardly seems necessary to define what is meant by that clumsy phrase, and yet for fear of being misunderstood it is perhaps advisable to add, plays which make some real contribution to the theatre, which present authentic characters, which satisfy the enduring impulse for vital drama, which have ideas, or to escape lamely into equivocation, plays which invoke more than casual consideration and challenge the attention of New York's discriminating public, are discussed with sincere interest in the West.

Immediately after a brief account of the first night of *Outward Bound* was published in *The Journal's* dramatic section,

there came numerous telephone calls from persons desiring more information about the play, information about the actors in it, the author, inquiries as to its publication.

There is an eager public, comparatively small, of course, through all of the Northwest, seeking just the type of play the Moroni Olsen Players are prepared to supply. It would be absurd to suppose for



Albee, McBride Studio

MORONI OLSEN.

An actor of classic rôles and Greek tragedy, who deserted Broadway to take the best of modern drama beyond the Rocky Mountains

one moment that commercial producers could increase this public, even if they were actuated by any such altruistic motive. The venture would be a bad risk for them. The old complaint of long jumps and high railroad rates cries down any clamor for plays of dubious popular appeal.

The Moroni Olsen Players, though thoroughly professional, are in no sense commercial. With just two thousand dollars capital, intelligent enthusiasm, the loft and two coal stoves, a buoyant spirit of adventure, a devotion to fundamental truth in drama and unfaltering courage, they have started the career of their unique theatre, the first circuit repertoire theatre.

The plays are rehearsed in the company's home in Ogden. Last year five plays were produced. Fifteen towns and cities were included in the circuit. A play was produced each month during the winter season. While on the road with one play, the preliminary rehearsals for the next play were started.

The season was financed by contracts in each community for a minimum guarantee, this guarantee to cover only expenses of travel and production and additional indispensable overhead ordinary living salaries for the members of the company.

The contracts for the season were made in various communities with different organizations, or in some cases, with individuals.

A survey of the press notices, which indicate a disposition on the part of critics to place the company in a class with established producing firms, gives evidence of heartiest co-operation from the press of the Northwest, and shows a genuine desire everywhere for the company to become a permanent institution.

The circuit for the next year has been extended to twenty-eight towns and cities, reaching from Salt Lake City to Vancouver, B. C.

There are eight members of the company, which is directed by Moroni Olsen, who studied in one of the leading dramatic schools of the East and played for several years in stock. He has appeared in numerous productions on Broadway. He was associated with Maurice Browne and Ellen Van Volkenburg, in little theatre seasons in Salt Lake City and Seattle, and in a season of Greek tragedy at the Manhattan Opera House.

In addition to participating in the plays, each member of the company has certain duties. Miss Janet Young, the first lady of the company, is in charge of contracts and booking and the business details of the enterprise. Miss Young is a graduate of the University of Oregon. It was largely through her zeal and determination that the present venture was made possible. In 1923 she toured the Northwest with Byron Foulger in a group of one-act plays and while on tour investigated the field and made contracts which later resulted in contracts for the first season of the repertoire company.

Other members of the company are: Byron Foulger, who writes publicity and attends to all press notices; Joseph Williams, who has charge of staging and carpenter work; Frank Rasmussen, who does the lighting; Dorothy Adams and Leora Thatcher, who have charge of properties and stage decorations, and Sumner Cobb, who does the bookkeeping and accounting.

ALL ARE COLLEGE GRADUATES

THE members of the company were selected by Mr. Olsen from his dramatic associations over a period of eight years. They come from as far east as Maine and as far west as Vancouver, B. C. All are graduates of colleges or universities.

There are no stars. As with the
(Continued on page 54)



© Kessler

Toujours Paul! Here is the cherubic bulk which started it all!

(Below) Chicago claims this director-composer, the well-known Isham Jones, and Broadway has not yet prevailed upon him to leave it with the melodious syncopation which inspires much of the Windy City's gaiety



Bloom



Apeda

"Vincent Lopez speaking" — the radio has earned this Brooklyn Portuguese-Spaniard no small part of his tremendous popularity, for dancing to his music is not denied those who cannot crowd into his Hotel Pennsylvania



(Above) The Pennsylvania Dutch thrust this gift upon the world of symphonic syncopation—Paul Specht, the inventor of this high-sounding phrase, a New York director who became, alike, the pet of Piccadilly and Mayfair



(Above) Ray Miller is not at all depressed by the tremendous responsibility of swinging the Broadway dance-palace into the "high" class. That is what he is about to attempt for a fashionable following is enthusiastic over his new venture, *The Arcadia*

Ben Bernie has deserted headlining and comedy for the dignified title, "musical director" of New York's new Hotel Roosevelt in the smart East Side. His orchestra is not yet two, and already it has its elders worrying

© Strauss-Peyton

SIX EMPERORS OF THE JAZZ-AGE

The Great Specialists Who are Keeping City Night-Life's Other Foot Out of the Grave

A Woman Playwright's Secret

Creator of Many Broadway Musical Comedy Hits Gives Recipe for Success in Authorship

By ZELDA SEARS

Author of "Lollipop," "The Clinging Vine," etc.

THE happiest evening of my life was when I sat beside two college boys who witnessed *The Clinging Vine*. The typical college youths told each other that it was just the kind of play "all the fellows" would like. At the comedy points they pounded the arms of their chairs. In his glee one of them pounded my knee, then blushing apologized. Presently Peggy Wood took a curtain call. She remarked that Miss Sears, the author, was somewhere in the house and would speak to them. When I came back from the stage after my short address to the audience the two youths were in a state of blissful dumbness. They recovered their speech when the curtain fell and told me formally that in their opinion I had written a "great play."

They backed their opinion, for when *The Clinging Vine* visited their town, the boys came to see it again and brought all of Lafayette College and most of the population of Easton, Pa., with them. They inducted three classes from college and the faculty back stage to meet me.

I am entirely sincere in saying that that was the happiest evening of my life. For I learned then that my two favorite theories of playwriting are true. I had written successfully for youth, and my tailor work for my star was satisfactorily done.

THE SEVENTEEN MOOD

THE mood in which I approach the writing of a play is that in which I went to the theatre when I was seventeen. There are cruel theories that those who write screen plays do so with their minds upon a twelve-year-old, even a ten-year-old, mind. But the mood of my approach to my musical comedies has no slur nor harshness in it. The best minds of the country are entertained by the stage. Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Warren G. Harding—count them—three recent presidents of the United States were all enthusiastic patrons of the playhouse. It is not the minds of seventeen but the mood of seventeen to which I make my appeal.

Seventeen is romantic. It is gay. It has faith in its fellows. It is an optimist. Persons of any age who go to the theatre go in the hope of exercising those qualities. Seventeen is the common denominator of playgoers.

Fortunately, for the practice of my theory, I love youth. I am interested in what interests youth. I think I keep the youthful viewpoint by going on learning things. Fowler and Tamarra, the team of drawing-room dancers in *Lollipop* are teaching me all the new steps. The pair of dancers had a wedding last spring, at which Ada May, the star, was the bridesmaid and I was the matron of honor. Yes, I love youth. I have a horror of writing an old lady's play.

It is a proverb of the theatre that as they support the churches, women support the theatre. I propose that we revise that proverb. It is youth, and thoughts of youth, that maintain the theatre.

THE TAILOR-MADE PLAY

ANOTHER theory, proven to my satisfaction, at least, is that the tailor-made play is a success. I know that there is a mighty array of opinions to the contrary. I know that Clyde Fitch and Charles Klein said a play should be written for the play, not the player. Experience has taught me the contrary. The dramatist who is most remote and impersonal in his attack of his play has some type in mind for each of his characters. How much nearer the bull's-eye one shoots when he has in mind the individual instead of the type!

I wrote *Lady Billy* with both eyes upon charming Mitzi. I tried to provide in the play for the exercise of all her many talents. For every one of her accomplishments I endeavored to afford an opportunity. The star was pleased. The critics were satisfied. The public seemed to be gratified. The play ran for two years. The author was rewarded by accumulating royalties. So with *The Magic Ring*. Mitzi has a rowdyish strain in her many strataed nature. She is an admirable gamine. Having this in the foreground of my mind I arranged a fitting entrance for her in *The Magic Ring*. She comes on the stage under arrest, accompanied by a burly and infuriated policeman.

I wrote *The Clinging Vine* with my vision focused upon Peggy Wood. Miss Wood is a prima donna. The play is a comedy which could have dispensed with music. But, true to my theory, Miss Wood being my star, she must have her music. We had several earnest conversations on just how imbecile a pretty woman must be to revolt a man. I was of the mind that there need be no limit to her imbecility so long as she is pretty and good-natured. Miss Wood believes there is a limit. She yielded a little. So did I. The result was an amiable compromise. Miss Wood, as Mitzi, knew that I am a tailor who means to be conscientious. Whenever there is something in the play that does not fit my star I take a gusset here or let out a seam there. And if there is another opportunity, more of this or that, I gladly let out a seam. My claim, proud or modest, as you like to view it, is that I am a tailor who guarantees that her plays will not wrinkle in the back.

I say this without egotism. For I give to every play all that is humanly possible within my limitations. When it is finished, and the first night arrives, I go to the opening without any first-night fears. I go in the calm mood of one who looks forward to an evening's entertainment. I sit in the seat of the audience and say, "I have

done all I could. Now you, God, or The Great Cause, or Illimitable Intelligence, whatever you are, do your part." That element, of the many names, never fails me.

While *The Clinging Vine* was at the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York I received a letter from Ada May (then Weeks). She was a pretty little dancer who had been appearing in plays for six years. She wanted to do more and better work. She asked me to come to Philadelphia to see her in *Peaches*. She hoped that when I had seen her I would be willing to write a play for her. I was busy and not much interested. I believe I did not answer the letter. Others came and finally a letter with a railway and drawing-room tickets. I went to Philadelphia and lunched with Miss May. Then to the theatre to see her in *Peaches*. At luncheon she had said to me timidly: "Miss Sears, I have just found out that I can play comedy." I looked at her in silence. If my thoughts had been audible she would have heard my answer, "You poor fish. Why do you think you can play comedy?" Yet, in twenty minutes of viewing her in the play, I knew that she is a comedienne.

"LADY BILLY'S" HISTORY

I SPENT a summer in writing her play. Usually I write more swiftly. *Lady Billy*, for instance, I wrote in three weeks. Being connected with Colonel Henry W. Savage's office by marriage I knew that Colonel Savage wanted a play for Mitzi. I wrote one hurriedly and gave it to his secretary. "Just say that it was a play left at the office," I said. The script omitted the name of the author. As is the habit of the office the play was sent to me to read. Colonel Savage came to Top of the Hill, our home at Wilton, Connecticut, for a week-end. "What do you think of that last play I sent you to read?" he asked.

"*Lady Billy*?" I said. "I think it is one of the best plays I ever read." He sent a surprised look at me with his coffee cup for refilling. "I have never seen you so enthusiastic," he said. "Why do you think so well of the play?" "Because I wrote it," I answered.

Lollipop required much more time for construction than did *Lady Billy*, or its successor for Mitzi, *The Magic Ring*. I knew Mitzi so well that it was comparatively easy to fit her many-sided personality. But Miss Weeks was nearly an unknown quantity to me. Miss Wood is a singing prima donna. Miss Weeks is a dancing one. There is a renaissance of dancing. I determined to make it a dancing play. Then came the tailoring. Putting in some fullness here, taking out some fullness there. Colonel Savage said that my home was a road-house for actresses and song writers that summer. Under the title, *The Left Over*, the play was finished. In January
(Continued on page 58)

Photographs by
Nickolas Muray



LILIAN
POWELL

(Above) Young, beautiful and American—the première danseuse of the Rialto Theatre



ROSE ROLANDO

(Above) An exquisitely lovely dancer, who has been starred in the *Music Box* and many revues



HELEN
DENIZEN,

whose grace was brought into sensational prominence by her débüt with the Fokine-Fokina dancers



MARGARET
SEVERN,

whose charm and grace have been interchangeable features of recital, revues and vaudeville

FOUR GIRLS WHO DANCE

In These Fair Moving Figures Mexico, the East and Barcelona Receive Delightful Interpretations on Broadway

The Play That Is Talked About



Aubrey Piper's bright badinage irritates the family of his fiancée

The Show-Off

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts by George Kelly

ELABORATED from his vaudeville sketch of the same name, George Kelly's character-play of the obnoxious, yet strangely sympathetic, Aubrey Piper, "The Show-off" was the undisputed comedy hit of the season. Here the author of the hilariously ridiculous "Torch-Bearers" has approached a different genre, the respectable middle-class family of city-life, its struggles, bickerings, difficulties, humors and, above all, characters, with rare understanding and perception. The following condensation by Mary James is published by especial permission of the author, the producer, Stewart & French, Inc., and the publishers of the play, Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

THE CAST

(As staged at the Playhouse by George Kelly)

Clara	Juliette Crosby
Mrs. Fisher	Helen Lowell
Amy	Regina Wallace
Frank Hyland	Guy D'Ennery
Mr. Fisher	C. W. Goodrich
Joe	Lee Tracy
Aubrey Piper	Louis John Bartels
Mr. Gill	Francis Pierlot
Mr. Rogers	Joseph Clayton

SCENE: The Big Room at Fisher's. Act I. Wednesday evening in May, about 7.30. Clara comes in, carrying a fancy box of candy.

MRS. FISHER: Oh, it's *you*, Clara!

CLARA: Where is everybody?

MRS. FISHER: I thought I heard that front door open.

CLARA: Where are they all?

MRS. FISHER: Your Pop's gone over to Gillespie's for some tobacco. I don't know where Joe is. I don't know how you can stand that fur on you, Clara, a night like this.

CLARA: It's rather cool out.

MRS. FISHER (*calling out through the kitchen-door*): You out there, Joe?

CLARA: He isn't out there.

MRS. FISHER: He must be around here somewhere; he was here not two minutes ago, when I went downstairs. (*Opening the cellar door*

and calling down.) You down there, Joey?

JOE: Yes. What do you want?

MRS. FISHER: I don't want anything; I was just wonderin' where you were. (*She closes the cellar door.*) He spends half his time in that cellar, foolin' with that old radio thing. He says he can make one himself, but I sez, "I'll believe it when I see it."

CLARA: There's some of that candy you like.

MRS. FISHER: Oh, did you bring me some more of that nice candy? . . . Oh, isn't that lovely! Look, Clara (*tilting the box of candy toward Clara*), don't that look nice?

CLARA: Yes, they do their candy up nice.

MRS. FISHER (*gingerly picking up the cover of lace paper*): That looks just like Irish point lace, don't it? . . . I think I'll put that away somewhere, in a book or something. My, look at all the colors. Look, Clara, did you ever see so many colors? (*She tastes the candy and chews, critically.*) That's nice candy, isn't it? . . . How is it you're not home to-night, Clara?

CLARA: Frank had to go to a dinner of some kind at the Glenwood Club, so I thought I'd stay in town and get something. He said he might call for me here around eight o'clock.

MRS. FISHER: Men are always going to dinners somewhere. . . . It's no wonder so many of them are fat.

CLARA (*turning a page of the "Delineator"*): Where's Amy—upstairs?

MRS. FISHER: Yes, she's gettin' dressed. I was

hookin' her when you came in. . . . It's Wednesday night, you know.

CLARA: Is that fellow still coming here?

MRS. FISHER: Oh, right on the dot—such as he is. Sunday nights, too, now, as well as Wednesdays. It looks like a steady thing. And you never in your life heard anybody talk so much, Clara. I don't know how she stands him.

In fact, Mrs. Fisher suspects that Pop has gone to Gillespie's to-night, so he wouldn't be listenin' to Aubrey Piper. Clara has heard her husband, Frank Hyland, speak of him, as he eats his lunch at the same place, and "the fellows kid the life out of him down around the restaurant there." Amy bustles in, wearing another new dress, and flies round—"fixin' herself," arranging the flowers, etc., and as soon as her preparations are complete, settles herself in the parlor to await the arrival of her beau.

In the meantime Frank Hyland comes in, and Mrs. Fisher eagerly questions him about Aubrey Piper. When she learns that, far from being head of the freight department at the Pennsylvania Railroad, he is merely one of the clerks and gets a hundred and fifty dollars a month, she is more antagonistic than ever, and begs Frank to tell Amy what he has told her, but Frank assures Mrs. Fisher Amy would never believe him, and, hearing a ring at the front door-bell, he and Clara beat it for the movies. Aubrey's raucous laugh is heard, and he greets



MARION BERRY AS MILINETTE IN "FASHION"

*The Inevitable French Maid of Old-Fashioned Comedy. A Charming Impression
of a Passée Dramatic Character by Rabinovitch*

Amy boisterously. She takes his hat and leads him into the parlor. Mrs. Fisher tiptoes into the room and stands at the parlor door, listening keenly. Whilst in this position, she is surprised by Mr. Fisher, who gives her a dig in the ribs. She starts violently, much annoyed at the interruption, but soon resumes her occupation, until Mr. Fisher shouts: "Come away from there, Josie!" She reluctantly moves away and takes up her knitting bag. Mr. Fisher is reading the paper, or trying to. Joe comes up from the cellar, carrying some kind of a radio-arrangement on a flat base-board, which his parents regard skeptically. The parlor door opens and Amy comes out, crossing to the kitchen, to get Aubrey a drink of water.

AUBREY (*coming out of the parlor*): Stay right where you are, folks; right where you are. (*He surveys himself in the mirror, touching his tie and toupé gingerly.*) There you are, Mother! Any woman's fancy, what do you say? Even to the little old carnation. . . .

Come on, Amy, step on the United Gas out there; customer in here waiting for the old aqua pura. Man's got to have something to drink—how about it, Pop? (*He gives Mr. Fisher a slap on the right shoulder.*) . . .

Yes, sir. I want to tell those of you who have ventured out this evening that this is a very pretty little picture of domestic felicity. (*Nobody pays the slightest attention to him.*) Father reading, Mother knitting; but then Mama is *always* knitting. And little old Tommy Edison over here, working eighteen hours a day to make the rich man richer and the poor man poorer. What about it, Popcorn? (*Slaps him on the back.*) Shake it up! Right or raving?

MR. FISHER (*starting to his feet violently*): God damn it, let me alone! And keep your hands to yourself. . . .

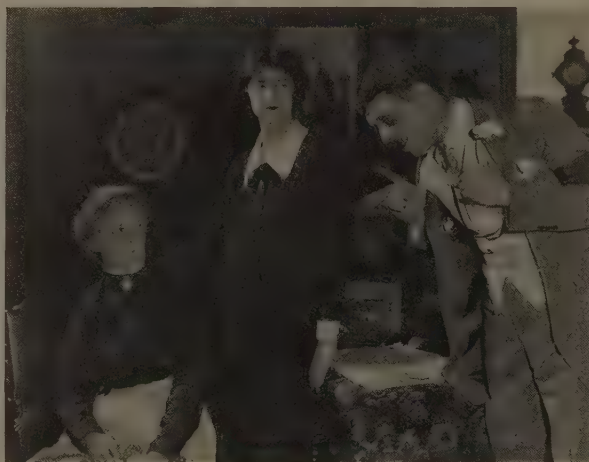
I never saw such a damn pest in my life! (*He goes up the stairs, bristling with rage and muttering to himself. Aubrey is vastly amused. He leans on the back of Mr. Fisher's chair and roars with laughter.*) Amy comes in with a glass of water. . . .

AUBREY (*handing the glass back to Amy*): Very nice, indeed. And a sweeter draught from a fairer hand was never quaffed. . . . Yes, sir, Mr. Joseph, I want to tell you you're wasting time; for when you're all through, they'll offer you twenty cents for it and sell it for twenty million. Take it or leave it—sign on the dotted line. Yes, sir, that's exactly what they did to little old yours truly here. Twenty Lincoln Anacondas for a formula that would have solved the greatest problem before the industrial chemical world to-day. A formula to prevent the rusting of iron and steel. A solution of vanadium and manganese, to be added to the metal in its *molten* state, instead of applied externally as they have been doing.

Joe is quite amused at hearing his own words misquoted. He remembers talking to Aubrey one night about the formula, and the latter has evidently forgotten where he heard it. Joe goes into the kitchen in search of a tool, followed by Mrs. Fisher, who can stand Aubrey's conversation no longer. Amy is furious and leads Aubrey back into the parlor, where he entertains her for the next three hours. Mrs. Fisher goes to sleep over her knitting and awakes at a quarter of twelve to hear Aubrey singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Joe is still occupied with his radio. . . . Mrs. Fisher is afraid Aubrey's voice will waken Mr. Fisher, and that is exactly what happens. He shouts from the top of the stairs, demanding "What the devil's goin' on down there! Do you know what time it is?" Mrs. Fisher goes to the parlor door, but before she can open it, the door is yanked open from the inside, and Amy steps out, looking resentfully at her. . . . MRS. FISHER: I'm just, goin' up—it's nearly twelve o'clock.

AUBREY: I am also just about to take my reluctant leave, Mrs. Fisher. . . . In fact, the recent outburst was in the nature of a farewell concert. . . . (*He breaks into a wild laugh.*) The little old song at twilight, you know, Mother Fisher—to soothe the savage breast. (*He gives vent to another gale of laughter, and Mrs. Fisher stands petrified, expecting to hear her husband again.*) At last he departs. Amy sees him off, then comes into the room and



Helen Lowell, Juliette Crosby and Louis John Bartels as Mother, Clara, and Aubrey Piper

bitterly reproaches her Mother. . . . "Everybody walking out of the room while Aubrey was talking." Mrs. Fisher also gets mad and retaliates with "It's no wonder our Joe sez he's a nut!" She then goes on to tell Amy that Frank Hyland knows all about Aubrey, and a heated discussion follows. "This fellow's got you so crazy mad about him, that I believe you'd take him if you knew he had a wife and family somewhere and not two cents in his pocket," says Mrs. Fisher.

AMY: Well, I guess we'd get along some way even if I did. . . . (*Half crying.*) I'd just take him for spite now.

MRS. FISHER: Well, let me tell you, Amy—the day a girl that's used to spending money the way you do takes a thirty-five-dollar-a-week man, the only one she's spitin' is herself. . . . Put out that light and go to bed; it's twelve o'clock.

Left alone, Amy stands fuming, until she suddenly becomes conscious of the ring in her hand. She holds her hand at arm's length, lost in the melting wonder of her engagement ring.

ACT II. Six months later, about 5.30 on a Monday afternoon. Mrs. Fisher is listening in on the radio, when Aubrey bounces into the room, in search of his wife. He has borrowed a car and is on his way to the Automobile Show. Amy has been out house-hunting all day, as they've got to get out of the place they're in. Aubrey wants a home, "something

with a bit of ground around it," where he can "do a bit of tennis in the evenings." Mrs. Fisher pours cold water on Aubrey's ambitious ideas. Leaving a message for Amy, he departs and has no sooner taken his leave than Amy appears. Too tired to go to the Automobile Show, she had been waiting in the parlor till Aubrey left. She is thoroughly depressed and in no mood for the good advice which her Mother showers upon her, when Clara appears in some excitement, having been telephoned for by Joe. She and Amy have words. Clara says that Aubrey is always borrowing money from her husband, which Amy indignantly denies and finally rushes into the parlor, weeping with rage. In the meantime Mrs. Fisher is busy preparing supper for her husband.

JOE (*appearing at the hall door*): Where's Mom?

CLARA: Out in the kitchen. Why?

JOE: Come here, don't let her hear you. . . .

Listen, Clara. Pop had some kind of a stroke this afternoon at his work. . . . They found him layin' in front of one of the boilers.

CLARA: Oh, my God!

JOE: I tried to get you on the phone about four o'clock.

CLARA: I know—I came right over as soon as I came in.

JOE: You better tell Mom.

CLARA: Joe! . . . Where's Pop now?

JOE: They took him to the Samaritan Hospital. I just came from there—they telephoned me to the office.

CLARA: Well, is he very bad?

JOE: I think he's done.

CLARA: Oh, don't say that, Joe!

JOE: That's what the doctor at the hospital sez. He hasn't regained consciousness since three o'clock. So you'd better tell Mom to get her things on and go right down there.

I've got to change my clothes; I went right up there from work.

Whilst Joe is upstairs, Clara breaks the news to her Mother, and they all make hasty preparations to go to the hospital. They are ready to start when Aubrey frames himself in the door, with a bandage round his head and looking a bit battered.

MRS. FISHER: My God, what happened to you, now!

AUBREY: It's beginning to rain. . . .

MRS. FISHER: Never mind the rain, the rain didn't do that to you. I guess you ran into somebody, didn't you?

AUBREY: Don't get excited, Mother—just a little misunderstanding on the part of the traffic officer.

MRS. FISHER: You don't mean to tell me that you ran into a traffic officer! . . . Where's the car you borrowed? Smashed, I guess, ain't it? . . .

AUBREY: The automobile, Little Mother, is perfectly safe—parked and pasturing—in the courtyard of the Twenty-second and Hunting Park Avenue Police Station.

Mrs. Fisher is disgusted when she hears that Aubrey got Frank Hyland to go his bail for a thousand dollars, and tells him on no account to come down to the hospital. "That'd finish Pop quicker than a stroke." They depart, and Aubrey answers the door when Gill, a twister from Mr. Fisher's place of employment, arrives

(Continued on page 48)



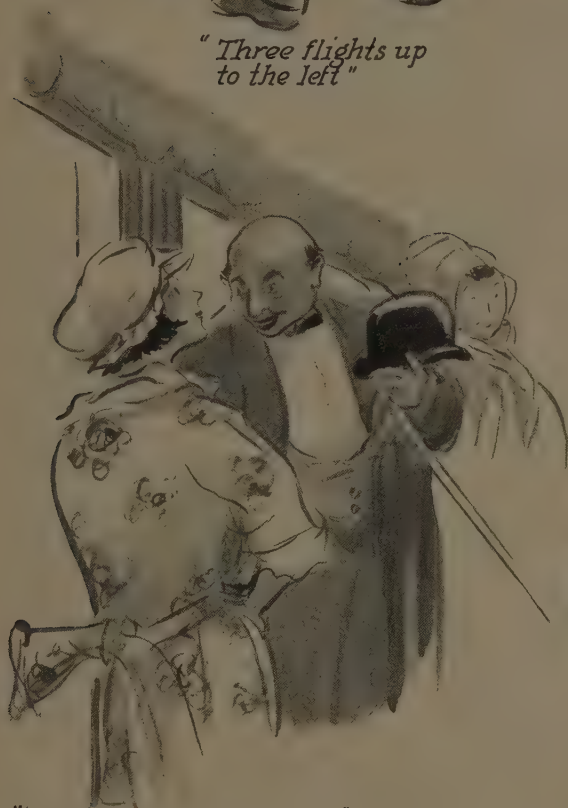
*"Three flights up
to the left"*



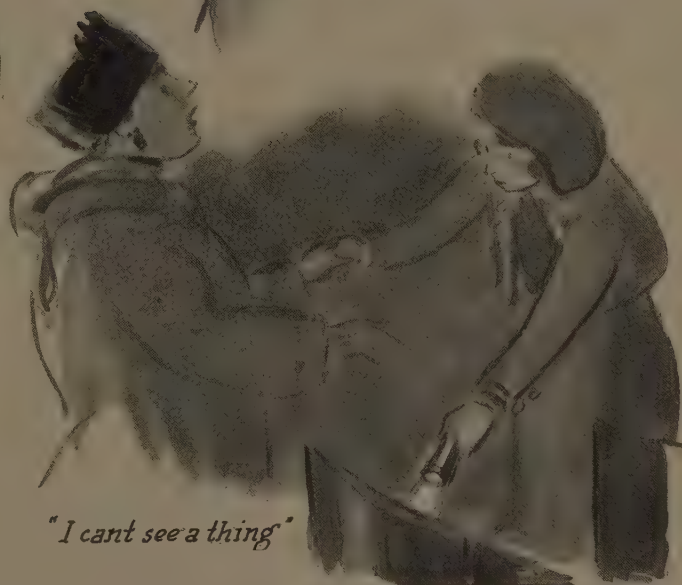
*The society usher
of the benefits*



*"No Madame, the
balcony is not
downstairs"*



"May I see your checks?"



"I cant see a thing"

"OTHER AISLE, PLEASE"

Helen Hokinson Sketches These Familiar Declaimers of the Classic Line

C . I . N . E . M . A

The Foreign Influence?—The Flapper and the Business Girl—The New Films

By AILEEN ST. JOHN-BRENON

IT is to be regretted that the Germans who gave us, some years ago, such original and distinguished productions as *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari* and *Passion*, should have failed to influence the motion-picture world on this side of the Atlantic. In the *Caligari* film, the discoveries of Cubism and other modernist schools of painting were introduced into photographic art with amazingly dramatic effects. Nothing before or since has approached this picture in emotional excitement; in fact, the film, by adapting the devices of broken planes and distorted perspectives to the mental states of the characters, achieved a form of expression which, if not exactly æsthetic, was at least new and intelligent. In *Passion* we saw history treated as pictorial narrative; we saw the past actually live in a remarkable panorama. Here the illusion was not created by an accurate reduplication of old backgrounds, but because the actors were not too vainglorious to subordinate their personalities to the historical conception—in short, because they were content to remain in the picture and not to obtrude themselves with smirks, raised eyebrows and other artifices.

Meantime the American producers have been going on steadily and disastrously toward a conventionalized motion picture which has no relation to life and no basis in progressive experience. Human moods and conflicts have been reduced to studio mannerisms; characters are chosen with no reference to their appropriateness; the scenario is written to conform to what is spuriously believed to be a "popular demand." Aside from Fairbanks, who has entered the legitimate field of magic, and Chaplin, a genius in pantomime, nothing of importance has happened. It is all Hollywood and heroine-worship.

BETWEEN WORLDS

THE latest foreign importation to reach these shores is called *Between Worlds*. It is not to be compared with the two above-mentioned films, but it contains several valuable object lessons. In the first place, it establishes a definite atmosphere and the characters are held rigidly to this mood regardless of their successes in other pictures or whether they happen to be good box-office attractions in a certain type of impersonation.

Take, for example, Lil Dagovar as a peasant girl—she resembles nothing more than a peasant girl—that alone, and no neat piece of femininity tricked out in a picturesque bodice. Again, the director, Fritz Lang, has obviously dispensed with unnecessary business irrespective of how clever it might happen to be and has consistently adhered to the prevailing unity of the production.

And this picture, by the way, was made more than seven years ago!

NOW we know the truth about the business girl. Rupert Hughes has explained everything in *True as Steel*; and, above all, he has taught us not to misjudge her. If we feel that she is a trifle indiscreet in going about indiscriminately with a Western millionaire who has left his wife at home on his annual trip East, we must remember that good behavior is not always conducive to good business, and that in the high competitive spirit of to-day and all that sort of thing, the modern woman sets



Spurr

NAZIMOVA,

who is soon to return to the screen in *The Madonna of the Streets*, from W. B. Maxwell's *The Ragged Messenger*

her own standard—and to Hades with the book on etiquette.

Mr. Hughes, recalling that Western men are swift and New York women enticing, has taken up the cudgels for the attractive woman earning her own living—not the bobbed-haired girl who spends her days at the typewriter and her nights on the dance floor, but the well-bred woman whose brand of economic independence enables her to buy her own pearl necklaces out of a big pay envelope.

In dealing with this pertinent question, Mr. Hughes has chosen a woman with character married to a man who possesses none. One may well wonder why she failed to display the same brilliancy in selecting a husband as we are led to believe she evinced in a battle of wits with an out-of-town buyer; but, at any rate, the fact remains that her beauty and brains are such an asset to the office that all her employer has to do to earn a hundred thousand a year is to come to the office in the morning, collect his golf sticks and spend a day in the open. The winsomeness of his "right hand" and her woman's wit do the rest.

As for her love affairs, well we all know the attributes of true steel—it may bend but it never breaks. So with the business girl—she is keen, flexible—she bends, but she never breaks. She flashes before an attractive customer, but she is faithful to her butterfly husband—in her fashion; and after accepting the attentions of elderly admirers from beyond the Rockies, she invariably sends them home to their neglected wives, wiser but considerably poorer men. And the boss' till is richer.

A part of the picture is devoted to exposing the romance current in business districts, and, if we are to believe Mr. Hughes, pretty faces and slim ankles cause as much panic in office buildings as a financial crisis in the Stock Exchange. Aileen Pringle, tall and slinky, vamps her way through the film after Elinor Glyn's most approved methods. Huntly Gordon is well cast as the susceptible Frank Parry, who loves too unwisely and too well for success in the woolen business.

Mr. Hughes divulges his story with genial humor, and his peeping behind the blinds on Wall Street is done with a deft blending of fun and understanding.

THE PERFECT FLAPPER

COLLEEN MOORE has struck a line, as the saying goes, and is sticking to it valiantly. Those who saw *Flaming Youth* will know what to expect of *The Perfect Flapper*. She is Patricia Fentriess all over again, nothing more, nothing less than the jazz-mad, seemingly bad cocktail consumer popularly known as the modern girl. But it is doubtful if First National will win the disapprobation of enough mothers' societies and women's clubs to duplicate the wide-spread success of the predecessor. The truth is *The Perfect Flapper* is a bit too tame, the tameness brought about perhaps by repetition. We have heard so much about the modern girl being a Priscilla at heart, and John Francis Dillon is no Bach that he can continue his improvisations on a well-known theme.

This girl was not born to be a "Jazz Baby." She achieved it. To do so, it was necessary to overcome a natural modesty and sweetness, thus to attract the young eligibles of her set. Her first high-ball switches her into the road to success, and finding herself in the throes of an unsavory divorce case, she discovers for the first time that she is the recipient of the choicest favors of the young cake-eaters with the attendant irregularities and indiscretions. Needless to say, having accomplished this alarming metamorphosis, she falls in love with the serious young lawyer who believes her the co-respondent in a divorce suit. But don't be frightened. That kindly old maiden aunt, who was the repository of all the girlish confidences, wasn't introduced into the plot for nothing, and when the

VERA REYNOLDS,
featured with Rod La Rocque by Cecil
B. De Mille in his next picture, *Feet
of Clay*

LOUISE FAZENDA
Little Louise has her pensive moments
about *Being Respectable*, her next pic-
ture for Warner Brothers



Hoover

BEVERLY BAYNE
Seen all too rarely on
the screen, she will have
a leading part in *Her
Marriage Vow*



PAULINE FREDERICK
Ernst Lubitsch will wield
the megaphone for
Three Women, in which
this star has an attrac-
tive rôle

RANDOM SHOTS FROM THE STUDIOS

Players as They Will Appear on the Silver Sheet Before Many Moons Have Passed

beating of breasts, the sobbing and the heaving and the big emotional scenes on the carpet are finally registered, the young man is convinced of the flapper's worthiness, and, like Pippa, she can sing, "All's right with the world."

Miss Moore injects the necessary "pep" into the picture. What she lacks in facial beauty is counterbalanced by her cleverness. She is facile and spontaneous and provides the requisite light touch in revealing all the tricks of the flapper's art. Frank Mayo is stagy and unreal, while Sidney Chaplin, culled from slap-stick, comes to light with a sympathetic and ingratiating quality which proves him a valuable addition to the ranks of the straight comedians.

THE ENEMY SEX

DON'T think for a moment that the débutante is the only girl who can romp through life, tasting lavishly but chastely of all its fruits. The little gold-digger over on Broadway can give them all a few pointers on how to be jazzy but good. Take Owen Johnson's word for it. You remember his popular novel of a few years ago, *The Salamander*. It has come to the screen camouflaged as *The Enemy Sex*, instructing all little girls with the acquisitive instinct in the subtleties of obtaining jeweled wrist watches, fur coats and diamond rings with impunity. The gold-digger has a technique peculiar to herself. She is beautiful, but she is not dumb. She doesn't believe in working herself to death for her daily bread; she believes in working somebody else for it, preferably millionaires. But she's a good girl. Would she be living in a furnished room in the roaring Forties, with half the wealthy men in town in love with her if she didn't have her ideals? It's just her little game. The sport of the thing, as it were. Her mode of living may be uncanonical, but she has preserved the right to say, "How dare you?" with the best of them. You know how it is with these millionaires. A girl has to be careful. Just because a man presents you with a few diamonds more or less doesn't mean that he can be free with his kisses. Like the flapper, our Dodo has her "line." She is frequently called upon to remind her generous suitors—"I'm a good girl. I expect a man to make one mistake, but only one." And they are friends for life, and hundred-dollar bills arrive in bouquets to prove the donors worthy of her admiration.

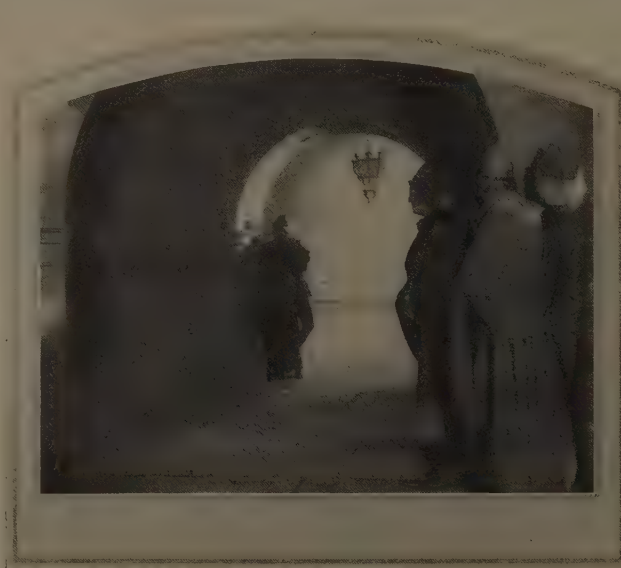
The Enemy Sex is literally sprinkled with Rolls Royces and sparkling gems. It is to be expected that at least one of the millionaires misunderstands our Dodo, but he's thwarted, and being a high-principled girl, she marries a young man, wealthy and reformed, in preference to eloping to the Orient, where love is love with a suitor whose matrimonial prospects have been ruined by a tenacious wife.

Betty Compson, Huntly Gordon, Percy

Marmont and Sheldon Lewis are the principals in this edifying exposition which has been very ably handled in screen form by James Cruze. There is quite a bit of humor, and while it is true that Mr. Johnson's book has been considerably emasculated, nevertheless the film is uniformly diverting.

FOR SALE

WHEN it comes to *For Sale*, to be perfectly frank, Earl Hudson, clever as he usually is, "has bitten off more than he can chew." As the author and scenario writer of this flamboyant and unconvincing photoplay, he has only succeeded in repeating a tale that is as old as the hills. It is the story of the society man's daughter, who has been put on the matrimonial auction block in the vain hope of saving her father's honor and his bank-account. If it holds any claims to serious consideration, these claims have completely eluded us.



BETWEEN WORLDS,

The Conspirators—one of the beautiful compositions in this artistic imported film

George Archainbauld has disregarded all of Emily Price Post's advice on how the well-bred hostess should entertain, and we have the butlers stirring up the plot and doing all sorts of peculiar things with the guests' wraps. Still Claire Windsor and Adolphe Menjou go a long way toward atoning for these celluloid sins. Miss Windsor breathes an atmosphere of refinement, even when all the laws of social usage are being smashed with a bang. She is one of the few actresses on the screen who never look out of place in a drawing-room, and she wears her clothes with distinction, which, added to a natural poise and charm, makes her an unusually attractive star. We'd like to see her play an emotional rôle—she could do it.

Menjou is seen once more as a man of the world, and gives one of those polished performances which have won him so high a place on the screen in so short a time. Mary Carr, doing her best, but utterly miscast, struggles with an inconsequential part, and Tully Marshall tries to infuse some sympathy into a thankless rôle. Robert Ellis and John Patrick are also principals.

REVELATION

THE advance propaganda heralded the intelligence that Viola Dana's performance as the tempestuous Joline Hofer in *Revelation* was calculated to make the earlier attempt of Nazimova, to use the very words, "look sick." Now we were unfortunate enough to miss the screen characterization of the talented Nazimova, but since those who specialize in early film lore avow that it is far and away the best thing she ever did for the pictures, we are inclined to believe that the antics and gyrations of the fair Viola will leave Nazimova with nothing to worry about.

Little Viola registers pep and temperament for innumerable reels; she is as unconvincing as she is active and the most sophisticated Madonna that it has been our lot to behold. Even hooded draperies and a soft focus cannot diminish the worldly lines embedded in her wise countenance.

The production is an obvious attempt at religious appeal. Long-winded and sentimental sub-titles announce the fact that here is a picture of the uplifting and moral category. Censors will not object to it, but anyone with ordinary perspicacity will be thrown into the megrims by the overstressed moralities, the homiletic nonsense and the grandiloquent sentiments that will not bear inspection.

Monte Blue plays a struggling young artist who fails to appreciate the goodness and simplicity beneath his gay model's exterior. Lew Cody, faithful to cinema traditions, is a villain void of all redeeming features. Edward Connelly overacts terribly as a monk worrying over his past life, and Marjorie Daw and Kathleen Keyes have small but effective bits.

George D. Baker, the director of this superannuated theme, offers little that lends itself to congratulations. He has unrolled his situations without originality or novelty, though we might add that he has to be commended for the site of his old monastery.

UNGUARDED WOMEN

UNGUARDED WOMEN boasts of one of those Quixotic heroes, the sort that tramples the woman he loves under his patent-leather shoe and nobly offers to marry a girl he doesn't love and who has no claim on him in order to protect her honor. If it had not been that the latter went off and committed hari-kari before a passive Buddha who hadn't the wit to interfere, the pretty fiancée in the person of Mary Astor would have languished and maybe died of the humiliation and pain of traveling half-way round the world to marry a man who in the meantime had decided on another woman.

Perhaps we are expected to shed a furtive tear over the tragedy of this situation, but all the same we are callous enough to cry out with our little friend, Farina, "It's the bunk!" The monotony is relieved by the presence of Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix.

HOPE HAMPTON

Back from Europe, she will star in *The Price of a Party*, just completed by Howard Estabrook



MARION DAVIES

She has chosen a colonial maiden for her latest impersonation, *Janice Meredith*



Hesser

COLLEEN MOORE

Having flapped her way to fame, she will essay a serious rôle in *So Big*



Johnston

DAGMAR GODOWSKY, daughter of the famous pianist, will break a few hearts in *A Story Without a Name*



Russell Ball

Johnston

CORINNE GRIFFITH, First National's attractive star, recently became the bride of Walter Morosin



Grenbeaux

FEATURING THE LADIES!

Glimpses Here and There of Film Favorites in Their New Rôles, Domestic and Otherwise

The Sad Case of American Light Opera—A Plea for Good Librettists

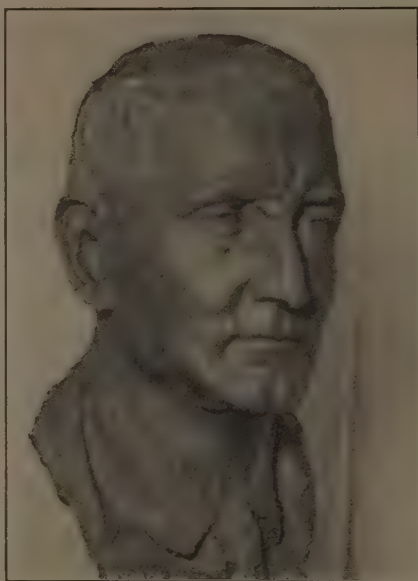
By GRENVILLE VERNON

WHAT is the matter with American light opera? Something is the matter and something very vital. It hasn't been like American grand opera—completely non-existent—for Victor Herbert in *Babes in Toyland* and *The Serenade* proved that it can be written. So did Reginald De Koven in *Robin Hood*—proved it a quarter of a century ago, and never proved it afterwards. There was no reason why Herbert, with all his talents, shouldn't have been another Lecocq and have written the American *Fille de Madame Angot*. He had the melodic inspiration, the technical mastery, the sense of the theatre. Yet his really notable work was done twenty years ago, and the same fact held good with De Koven. What then was the reason? Was it "jazz," as your academician will answer, or "commercialism," as your reformer will assert? I offer my humble opinion that it was neither; indeed, in the case of jazz, that this much-maligned form may very well prove the beginning of a new light opera art. The fact is, that laugh as you may at the statement, light opera to be anything worth while, must be music-drama. Grand opera doesn't have to be—look at *Puritani* or even *Lucia*. They succeeded because of their tunes, but tunes alone won't make an operetta.

LET us consider the firm of Gilbert and Sullivan. It is no mere coincidence which has placed the name of Gilbert first. No one wants to belittle Sullivan's music; it is melodious and exquisitely expressive—because it has something to express. But what have our light opera composers of to-day to express; what had Victor Herbert to express during the last twenty years of his life? He wrote invariably graceful music to utterly inane and empty words—and the result was emptiness. All music, even the lightest, has in it an interpretation of life, but if the words it must interpret are inane, the music follows suit. Victor Herbert, for all his talent, couldn't overthrow this inexorable rule of art. In *Babes in Toyland* he had a subject of fancy and poetic charm; the result was that he produced a work commensurate with his talent. Afterward he turned to the Broadway hack, and the result was speedy decadence.

Light opera is far more dependent on a good libretto than the opera denominated "grand." In the latter a dramatic story is enough, for given this, the composer can pull out the sluice-gates of his emotion and let it pour—no one wants to hear the words. But in light opera every word must be understood, and if the words are by Mr. George V. Hobart or Mrs. Rita Johnson Young, the composer must find in them his inspiration. That his inspiration will lack in wit and charm and fancy is, alas! only too self-evident.

THE case bears added point in the recent successes of American composers in the orchestral field. We are producing no symphonies, no great composers of chamber music, but we are producing some excellent interpreters in the lighter vein. Take, for instance, Mr. Deems Taylor. Mr. Taylor is not a musician of any stupendous power, but he is a man with a fine sense of literary values. The result has recently been shown



CLARENCE WHITEHILL

This portrait bust of the distinguished baritone of the Metropolitan, recently completed by Lucinda Davies Duble, the English sculptress, has aroused much interest in both artistic and musical circles

in his *Through the Looking-Glass* suite, a most delightful musical commentary on a work of light fancy. Mr. Taylor, having literary taste, chose Lewis Carroll, just as Sullivan chose Gilbert. It is too early to say whether Mr. Taylor has melodic genius, but he at least knows when a subject is worthy of musical treatment, and he has abundant talent in the expression of lighter sentiments. The hope goes forth that such men as he and Mr. John Alden Carpenter, whose *Perambulator Suite* and his ballet, *The Birthday of the Infanta*, have proved so delightful, will shortly turn their attention to light opera. They have shown that they possess the technical equipment, the fancy and the graceful touch; above all, that they know a worthy subject when they see one. If they also possess the melodic inspiration, they may well come to inaugurate a new era in American operetta.

LIGHT opera is a sophisticated art. It requires subtlety, fancy, a fine sense of the ridiculous. It is not farce. It is not revue. It is not burlesque. In its love

songs it must not end a line with "spoon" in order to rhyme it with "moon." That is altogether too easy. The Wodehouse, Bolton, Kern operettas of the Princess Theatre School were a hint of what might happen, though alas! the recent adaptations of Viennese successes are a terrible example of what has happened! In *Beggar on Horseback*, Messrs. Kaufmann and Connelly have shown that satire of contemporary foibles can succeed. The jazz wedding in that play is original, amusing and American, and Mr. Taylor's ballet really exquisite. Can't these gentlemen get together and give us a true American light opera? It would be at least an interesting experiment.

WHERE, by the way, is the Society of American Singers, which started out with such an hurrah several years ago with a production of Mozart's *The Impresario*, and which later filled the Park Theatre for a whole season in a series of revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan? Mr. William Wade Hinshaw is still giving versions of *The Impresario*, *Così fan tutte* and *The Marriage of Figaro* on the road, with a piano in place of the orchestra, but the Society itself has faded from sight. Mr. Hinshaw had at the Park a splendid opportunity to found a veritable operetta theatre, but for some unknown reason he never carried it through. Cannot this Society be resurrected? I offer this suggestion gratis to Messrs. Kaufmann, Connelly and Taylor. New York's theatrical intelligentsia has now at least three theatres, the Garrick, the Provincetown and the Greenwich Village, with others on the horizon, but the city's music lovers have only the Metropolitan Opera House. A playwright, a scenic designer and a dramatic critic have launched the Provincetown Theatre into well-deserved success; our leaders in music ought to be no less enterprising. An experimental Theatre for light opera—why not? Perhaps right here is an opportunity worthy of the attention of Dr. Noble and the Juilliard Foundation. Why at least couldn't the Foundation endow a scholarship for librettists?

THE most important event of the month has been the announcement of the Juilliard Foundation's fellowships for one hundred music students. This is an admirable beginning and one which speaks well for the practical sense of the trust and of its director, Dr. Eugene Noble. But the Foundation has, it is understood, other plans. One of these is a series of concerts to be dedicated to the works of young American composers. Four compositions will probably be played at each concert, each concert to be limited to fifteen minutes.



Kesslere

RENEE THORNTON

An American concert soprano in whose fair person nature has consummated a perfect marriage of beauty, voice and art

RUTH MILLER CHAMLEE

The wife of the distinguished Metropolitan Opera tenor, who will appear during the coming season in joint recital with her husband

J. A. Bill



White



PAULINE CORNELYS

This American soprano has won all hearts in Monte Carlo, singing in opera with her husband, Richard Bonelli



Kubey-Rombrault

MISCHA LEVITZKI

A young pallidan of the keyboard whose fire, intellectual mastery and technical prowess have been the product of an American training and an American environment



Morrell

RICHARD BONELLI

This splendid young American baritone has been declared to be a worthy successor to the great Amato by many who have heard him recently at the opera at Monte Carlo

THE CONCERT STAGE PREPARES TO BRIGHTEN
Five Brilliant American Stars Whose Average Age is Far Under Thirty

V · A · U · D · E · V · I · L · L · E

A Dip and a Diva—Richard Bennett Pays the Check—Martha Hedman's Sketch—A New Revue

By BLAND JOHANESON

THIS is the dizzy season when all the regular vaudeville people retire to Freeport, Long Island, to beef about their routes for next year, and surrender the halls to the legitimate and motion-picture stars who pay thirty dollars a week for three dollar material and offer it as something only a little lower than divine manna. This establishes an even balance with the rest of the year and permits vaudeville to boast about the elegance of its personnel. (It's still swank about the Bernhardt tour.)

So many of these acts are more interesting on paper than on review. Hardly one would provoke a return visit to the theatre. It is Moran and Mack, Williams and Wolfus, Roy Cummings, Ted and Betty Healy and their gifted cult of nuts who make vaudeville the possible source of bright diversion which it is. The guest stars lamentably contribute more culture and technique than laughs. Vaudeville is the province of the guffaw, not the laggard smile.

ASTRAKAN caviar, vintage champagne, and a faithless wife! A trinity bright with significance. But when Richard Bennett appears as the abandoned husband and signs checks for all three of the luxuries even a simple little girl like me would know that the whole proceeding was going to be just so much emotional waste. Lovey goes back. Because the distinguished actor selected another of those star vehicles which never give the villain a break. And he was such a safely unattractive villain—unromantic, parsimonious, and habitué of French table d'hôte wherein the broilers arrive in full plumage. Naturally, mamma was a sap to leave one of the best customers of Russia's lady sturgeons for him. So Mr. Bennett has all his sophisticated *matinée* heroics and an exceptionally charming leading lady—and a curtain speech to declare on his honor as an undisputed gentleman that the prop viands and beverages are *real*! Everything but a top-hat and a rabbit!

MISS MARTHA HEDMAN, bright, beautiful and amusing, also taps a triangle, but this time with a more original theme. Her sketch, *Just Like a Woman*, by Edwin Burke, purports to demonstrate to what dangerous strategy a wife will resort in satisfying a passion for fine clothes. She and a friend conspire to practice gold-digging tactics on their respective husbands. She on the friend's. The friend's on hers. Then they swap booty. An intriguing bit of piracy, and a situation of risqué implication to which Miss Hedman does full justice.

Helen Holcomb, who supports the star

as co-conspirator, is an adroit comedienne and an unusually interesting-looking one.

HARRY ROYE and Billie Maye have given vaudeville a dance revue which for sheer loveliness equals much which passes for sensation on Broadway. Four beautiful girls support them, chosen not because they dance a little less gracefully than Miss Maye, but because they dance as well. And the little star shines just as brightly. Of course they do vaudeville's conventional whirlwind catch-as-catch-can tumbling and wrestling routine. But aside from it there is imagination, originality, skill and artistry, in the costuming, the setting and the dances. Mr. Roye, himself endowed with exceptional grace, assumes credit for the conception and the staging.

FOR one month prior to her Palace engagement, the most feverishly inspired press agent of Madame Bernice di Pasquali camped upon my trail. I was waylaid in ante-rooms and elevators, bombarded with effusive epistles from the west, reporting the state of health, voice and reception of the diva. Excerpts from *Who's Who* acquainted me with the biography of the great coloratura—pages from manuals of instructions made me privy to her methods. Periodically the herald would advance upon the office staggering under the weight of ponderous clipping collections. And fairly consistently I managed to be out, for the telephone operator plumpened upon ice-cream, while he countered with nothing but glib praise of his client, and the mad confidence that it didn't matter what anybody else thought of the act, if only I would like it! The man was nuts.

Consequently, when the great Monday came, the last person I wanted to see or hear was Madame Bernice di Pasquali. But she was wonderful. In perfect voice. Charming. Brilliant. Poised. And her program was selected with one of the most shrewd yet uncompromising senses of vaudeville I ever have seen in a great artiste, which Madame Pasquali unquestionably is. I, a congenital lowbrow, at the risk of becoming *déclassé* among my acrobats and comics, went back to hear her the same week—thanks to a disguise successfully avoiding the perfervid praise-singer on both pilgrimages.

ROBERT WARWICK has made his midsummer excursion into vaudeville in one of the most antiquated melodramatic vehicles outside of a museum. This is one of those things wherein that curiosity, "the successful author," has a lot of high-flown

dramatic heartbreak over the flirtations of a neglected wife. Neglected wives are about three shades more boring than the men who neglect them—for business.

In this case the girl was one of those novel fans who sets out to capture a pet author and then expects him to devote the rest of his life to addressing romantic and brilliant dialogue to her instead of to a larger public. When she misses her guess, she takes up with a convenient gentleman endowed with different talents.

The author, being a popular novelist, understands that the thing abandoned husbands do is shoot themselves. But she sees the gun, and there is an elaborate mix-up in which she faints and he thinks she shot herself first, and things are terrible. But his frantic avowal of love accompanies her spurious expiration, and then they understand each other.

If this isn't classic vaudeville bunk, what is? I have forgotten who wrote the sketch, but it was *not* Mr. Edgar Allan Woolf.

TED and Betty Healy, who have been funny and graceful respectively "in one" for some time, now have branched out to more elaborate clowning. Mr. Healy has devised some foolishness faintly reminiscent of Joe Cook, and it is wise and beautiful. There is something about this frank idiocy which is utterly charming.

Mr. Healy calls for a committee from the audience to step upon the stage. And there they are before he even has said three words of his appeal. Two gorgeous imbecilic plants. "Boys, you're a little early," says the comedian.

The concluding comedy engages these two gentlemen and a trick trapeze. It's all very lovely. The Heals probably will be the revue producers' next loot.

VARIOUS spies have reported that Mr. Allan Rogers (probably Lundquist), of Rogers and Allen, has accused me of rank treason to the Swedish crown by expressing an opinion that his wife has been heard to sing a little off key. I don't know whether *Eddie Nelson* is a Swede or not. He probably isn't. He's too funny. But I hope he is. Because he is my new love—which will probably make the Marx Brothers, Joe Cook, Tom Patricola, El Brendel and Will Mahoney perfectly sick.

Mr. Nelson is of musical comedy and not at all new to vaudeville, but he seems strangely new to the Palace. He is the irresistible country gentleman who meets a girl in Columbus Circle and flirts with her—and how? An arresting make-up—funny pantomime—and a dialogue replete with slyness. A great act and laughs without the who-was-that-lady-I-saw-you-with-yesterday material.



For quartets: The songs about rainbows and silver-lined clouds are great favorites. For an encore, give an imitation of a steam calliope



For the ingénue: A naughty song, a cute, cute lisp and the costume we diagram, and the audience is yours from the fourteenth row back



For the fair-haired juvenile: Choose a song of the good-bye, farewell forever, old pal, old gal, ole gang, variety. Pull out the tremolo stop and finish in a lavender spot



For the singer with a Jolson complex: A song of the "Mammy, mammy, your prodigal son is gona make a home run!—Dixie—Dixie—here I come!" variety



For the South Sea Island vamp: Shout it and shake it, show wives why explorers leave home



For the tenor: Be haughty. Give the impression that you feel that you are prostituting your talent by singing popular songs

VAUDEVILLE AT A GLANCE

Or "Popular Songs and How to Deliver Them," by Professor Maurice Maxeville



THE SCARF

Graceful Study by Goldberg of Rita Glynde, the English Dancer, Whose Artistry as a Member of the Pavlova Company Has Met With Wide Acclaim



Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside
of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait



BROADWAY is wondering just why MORRIS GEST went to Venice for a conference with GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO. There are those who believe that Gest may be interviewing the poet-dramatist on his reported lecture-tour in America next season. But the circumstance of DUSE's death while under the producer's management lends a romantic color to the incident.

MABEL of the charming Sisters Taliaferro, like so many women of the stage, has decided to commercialize her hobby. An antique shop in Greenwich Village is her new enterprise and it has taken fifteen years to accumulate her present collection, which includes specimens from the Jacobean and early Colonial to the mid-Victorian periods.

Here is encouraging news for the next crop of *Scandals*, *Vanities*, *Artistes and Models*, *Music Box* and *Vogue* girls. The damsels who compose living curtains, animated chandeliers and what-not for the general good of art no longer will have to wear the badge of their immunity to smallpox. A Washington physician has announced that an enticing little vanity dimple is the only mark which remains by a new and perfected method of vaccination.

Now the purity wave has broken over California. WILL HAYES, the movies' little godfather, has drawn up a resolution for the film companies, pledging them not to produce, exploit or distribute any picture salacious in character or title. We suggest the Elsie books as the next screen material for the Mesdames LA MARR, NEGRI, NALDI, SWANSON and the white-heat sisterhood. And Horatio Alger for LEW CODY.

Broadway, after hearing cable reports that LEE SHUBERT is negotiating for a playhouse in Berlin, is speculating as to whether he is ambitious to become a figure in foreign theatricals, to the extent of settling in Germany even for a part of the year. The brand of commercialism surely will have to be removed from him, for nowadays the opportunity to make alluring earnings in Germany is decidedly limited.

Look young, now and choose your brothers. Next season any comedian who is an only child or of a small family will be out of luck. The hit of the MARX boys, as usual, has inspired imitations. Now we hear that the Doo-LEYS are going to combine in a revue and that the AVENUE COMEDY FOUR from vaudeville will also fall in line.

The verdicts of the recent sensations of ZIGGY'S glorified "American girls" break about even. MRS. DOROTHY CAMPBELL-YOUNG, formerly of the New Amsterdam camp, had her wealthy husband arrested charged with disorderly conduct but he was exonerated. On the other hand, another of the gilded sisterhood pulled down a neat sum in a breach-of-promise suit against her careless thirty-five-year-old playmate. And so it goes, from day to day—and week-end to week-end.

One big butter-and-egg man from the West has unintentionally launched a sensation in the theatrical world by banking a couple of girls from Walla Walla, Washington, in a new turn. It is rumored that their stunt is a part of the Cherry Blossom, a ripe-tomato farce, to which they call themselves the BERRY SISTERS and their act is terrible,

according to reports from the regions where they are breaking it in. The girls have propositioned several Broadway managers and there is said to be a fortune back of them.

HELEN MENCKEN, who made such a hit in her melodrama, *The Seventh Heaven*, has gone under the management of DAVID BELASCO—the dream of many stars far older than she—and she will be seen early in the fall in a new Belasco production.

CHANNING POLLOCK has incorporated as an independent producer. His initial enterprise for the fall will be sending out two road companies of *The Fool*. After it is all set for its run of a second season, he will concentrate on the presentation of his new play, *The Enemy*.

It is dangerous to be a success these days. As soon as any play makes a hit forty-five people bring suit against the author on the grounds that they wrote it. Now there is a new angle. A man is suing MORRIS GEST and NIKITA BALIEFF of the *Chauve-Souris* for a substantial fee for having introduced them to each other!

HOPE HAMPTON now aspires to being a light-opera prima donna. The movie beauty has decided to give the public her voice and the benefit of her dancing lessons in a Viennese operetta. Her millionaire husband, JULES BRULETOUR, has two European hits under consideration.

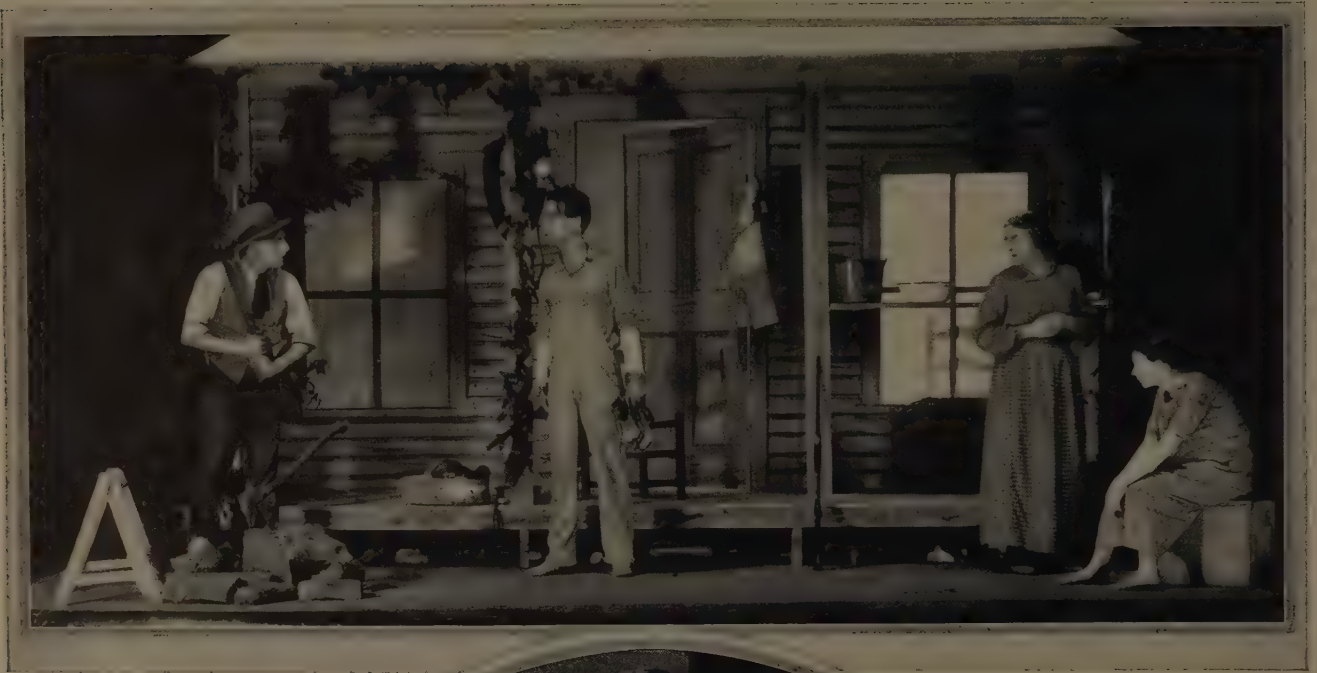
Busy Broadway rumor once more has made matrimonial disposition of a favorite daughter. LOIS WILSON, the screen star, playfully known as "the good girl of Hollywood," has been reported engaged to BARNEY BARUCH, JR., son of the New York financier. (Not so long ago it was supposed that the handsome RICHARD DIX, of whom the charmer's favor fell.) But, although she is seen constantly in the young man's company, lovely Lois is non-committal and Broadway and Hollywood wait.

TEXAS GUINAN has become the hostess of the Great White Way. Now at the El-Fay Club she dispenses midnight cheer to the world and half-world, with extemporaneous entertainment from the singing stars and the happy idea that there still is some place to go but home. PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE and the current but lingering husband COUNT GOESTA MOERNER, were the guests of honor recently, publicly very lovey-dovey—but the storm is on. The ambitious young tooth-paste manufacturer seems to have understood that Peggy was willing to wear, with her title, a Chicago address. His business is located there. But show business and The Loop is discreetly aware that the Windy City's is not the most sympathetic climate for the valuable Hopkins-Joyce charm—as STANLEY JOYCE, Peggy's ex-lord number three, owns some millions' worth of hotel property, power and social prominence there.

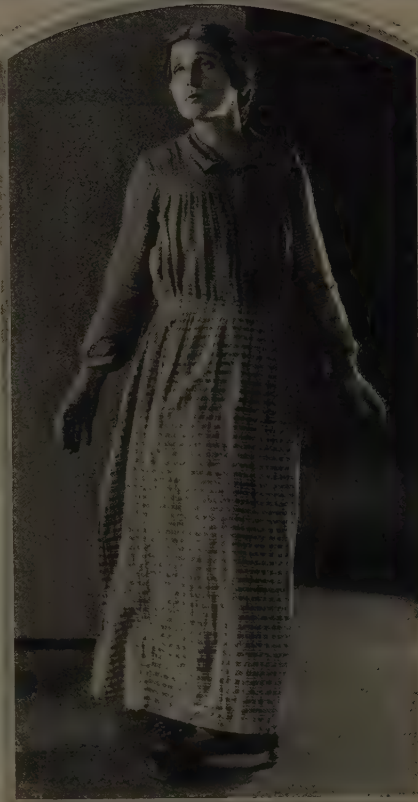
GIL BOAG, certain subtle pressure having thwarted his *Rendezvous* supper-club entertainment intentions, and believing that night-life is thrilling its syncopated swan-song, now turns his attention toward the drama. And ("believe it or not as you like," as Joe Cook would say) he will present Park Avenue with a little theatre on the site of what originally might have been a smart cabaret, *Bagdad*. The serious-drama will reign in his architectural change to Madame Boag until midnight. Then the earthquake is on, for GILDA, herself, will take the stage.

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE



The Winning Play and
Players at the Recent
Little Theatre Tour-
nament in New York



Scene from *Judge Lynch*, which won
first prize for the Dallas Little Theatre,
at the Little Theatre Tournament, at the
Belasco Theatre, New York, and was
later presented at the Drama League
Convention at Pasadena, under the
direction of Oliver Hinsdell

(Left) Julia Hogan as "Mrs. Joplin," the
mountain woman



(Right) Joe Peel as "The Medicine
Man"

(Left) Louis Quince in the rôle
of "Ed Joplin"



What Is a Children's Theatre?

Is It a Practicable Possibility? Is It a Thing to be Desired?

By KATE OGLEBAY

Executive Director, Inter-Theatre-Arts School

ALL the glamor and romance of youth centers around the very words—Children's Theatre. It catches the grown-ups' imagination, and they seem to see in it all that eluding of everyday life that the theatre gives and the mystery of behind the curtain, of things unexplained, that escaped them as they left their childhood behind. No wonder that they long to give that to the children of to-day. Out of this eager wish has come at least one beautiful building, equipped with every facility to make a Children's Theatre a reality—if it ever can be a reality.

"Plays for children" mean so many different things.

CHILDREN'S PLAYS OF MANY ASPECTS

THERE is the children's play for the teacher to use for the school work; the play with essentially educational value, through which the instructor drives in a point in literature, history, ethics.

There is the children's play to be used as a school entertainment, requiring little perfection of production, where admiring parents watch with joy their self-conscious offspring "perform."

There is the children's play to be used for benefits, for attracting a paying audience for any reason whatsoever. This requires a more finished performance and an adequate production. More often than not a few older players are introduced to carry the thread of the play. Here the charm and the naïveté of the child are exploited for the entertainment of their elders, to whom to their honor and glory youth is ever pleasure-giving. This is the type of children's play often mistaken for a performance for children. It is essentially a performance for older people; the older they are, the more easily pleased and the less critical.

There is the children's play for children to act by themselves in the old attic; with the worn red table cloth for the queen's robe; with a ribbon for her crown; with a battered trunk for a throne; and no stage and no audience. Here, in the Land of Make-Believe, all the spiritual and imaginative values of drama for the youngsters are reached. Just such values as Alice Corbin Henderson believes the Pueblo Indians reach in their dance-rituals.

There is the children's play for the audience of children. And this is the crux of a Children's Theatre.

WORTH-WHILE PLAYS ESSENTIAL

IF the aim is truly to entertain them and to be of educational value in so far as it shall help them to become the discriminating audience of the future with a cultivated taste and so better and more thinking citizens, this play must be good drama, ably presented by experienced actors, no hodgepodge of adults and children, of amateurs and professionals. Children, like grown-

ups, can best be taught by the highest quality of excellence in any art, not by the crudities so often offered them. After all, there is a similarity of interest and discrimination between children and older people; strange as this may seem to those who have passed over entirely to middle age.

The philosophy and language of the play should be in accord with the thought of childhood. It must put a good story into action. It must not be meandering goody-goody propaganda. Its importance increases if it has literary value, if it teaches an ethical lesson, if it depicts correctly an historical time or event. These, however, must be subservient to its dramatic excellence and entertainment quality. Anyone who thinks that the so-called "morality plays" have any ethical value for the youth of to-day has only to watch the indifference with which Beauty and Virtue and Good Will are greeted and the delight which meets the entrance of Greed and Vice and the Devil. With their coming something starts—the element of strife, the fight, the bad behavior, that are always dear and near to the heart of the youngsters. They instinctively know human nature and drama and appreciate it.

CATCHING THE CHILDISH IMAGINATION

THE qualities that should be incorporated in children's dramatic entertainment are not difficult to discover. Go to the circus and see what delight the clown gives doing the things that children are taught not to do. Pure fun has a value all its own. Thurston waves his magician's wand and so mystifies them that it is difficult to keep the youngsters from rushing to the stage in an effort to discover if it is really true. Robin Hood's bouts with Little John and the Miller, a fight of any kind, lights a quickening eye. Treasure Island and the Pirate's Gold excite and stimulate. The Witch planning to put Hanzel into the oven sends a shiver down their backs. The sum of it all is slapstick comedy, the humor of the comic papers, mystery, strife and dispute, adventure and a little fear. Add to any one of these continual movement and change of action and you have the spell that fascinates. For those a little older add romantic love, not passion—for romantic love is fully as satisfying to the emotions of young people.

From time to time Broadway produces an ideal play, the play that pleases both children and the grown-up. If they were continuous, there would be no need to seek further for a children's theatre; *Peter Pan*, *Treasure Island*, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Abraham Lincoln*, *Babes in Toyland*, *The Blue Bird*, *Little Women*. Children like to be considered grown-up. The very fact that such plays were not intended primarily for the young and were given in a "regular theatre" add to the delight.

IS A CHILDREN'S THEATRE PRACTICAL?

NOW, a "regular theatre," if it were given over exclusively to children's performances, would soon find that it was faced with an even more serious problem than the public schools; that of a large expensive plant unused during many of its available hours. Night performances, except perhaps Friday and Saturday evenings when no school follows, should be out of the question. Those who are allowed to stay up evenings during the week to go to the theatre have passed out of childhood. Matinées on Saturdays and all holidays and daily matinées during the Christmas and Easter vacations is all the time that a Children's Theatre needs.

It should seat a thousand. Two dollars should be charged for four hundred seats to carry the burden of the expense; the rest of the house should be sold on a quickly declining scale to twenty-five cents, so as to make the plays available for the multitude of children who now find the like entrance fee for the movies. This money will represent the only profit. And no one should count on selling out the house.

Is a Children's Theatre a Practical Possibility? Only if endowed or if combined with a definite economic policy for the use of the playhouse during its otherwise idle hours. Is it a Thing to be Desired? Yes, as long as we believe in fairies and as long as Broadway cannot continuously give us *Peter Pan*.

Prize Play Contests.

THE Huguenot Players of New Rochelle, N. Y., have offered a prize for the best original and unproduced one-act play to be produced by them during their season of 1924-1925.

This contest is open to all under the following conditions:

Plays may be submitted at once and the last date they can be received will be Feb. 1, 1925.

All plays to be read by the Playreading Committee and those accepted by them will be played on the regular subscription bills during the season. These performances will be viewed by a committee of judges, who will announce on April 15 the play which has been selected as the prize winner.

The author of each play which is produced will receive the regular royalty of \$10 per performance. In addition to the royalty paid, the winning play will also be awarded the prize of \$25.

It is hoped that this contest may be instrumental in bringing out plays which will add something of value to the Little Theatre.

Submit all manuscripts to Claire Carvalho Weiller, 17 Stonelea Place, New Rochelle, N. Y. Return postage should accompany each manuscript.



The cast and setting
for *The Pied Piper*
produced at Ridge-
wood, N. J.

A HIGH SCHOOL PRODUCTION
OF "THE PIED PIPER"
AT RIDGEWOOD, N. J.



"The Pied Piper,"
Joseph Lynch, Jr.,
with "Jan" the lame
boy, played by Vir-
ginia Cavaganaro

"The Pied Piper" and
his band of merry ro-
dents passing through
"Hamelin Town,"
which the High School
boys and girls of
Ridgewood erected al-
most over night, under
the direction of
Thomas Tibbs, of
Ridgewood High
School, who designed
the scenery



The Promenades of Angelina

Sketches by Hedda Sohn



Straight slender lines, beautiful skins, and the simple but novel touch of bands of gold cloth set in on sleeves and collar, make this mink coat from Stein & Blaine one of extraordinary distinction. Margaret Wilson, the "I-love-you-girl" of *Little Jessie James*, has chosen it for the coming season

MARGARET WILSON of *Little Jessie James* . . the "I Love You" girl, as she is called, from having made that song famous . . believes in buying her winter furs at the very beginning of the season . . before it opens in fact . . Lucky for us! Not otherwise should I have been able to show you here the picture of her new fur coat . . to have obtained it in time to reach the pages of the present number . .

Miss Wilson is known for her pretty taste in furs . . Not only can she gauge the beauty and value of skins, but she chooses models that are original and out of the ordinary . .

"Whenever in the past I have had something particularly successful," she told me, "I have always found it at the very beginning . . and so from that I have learned to go after my furs early . ."

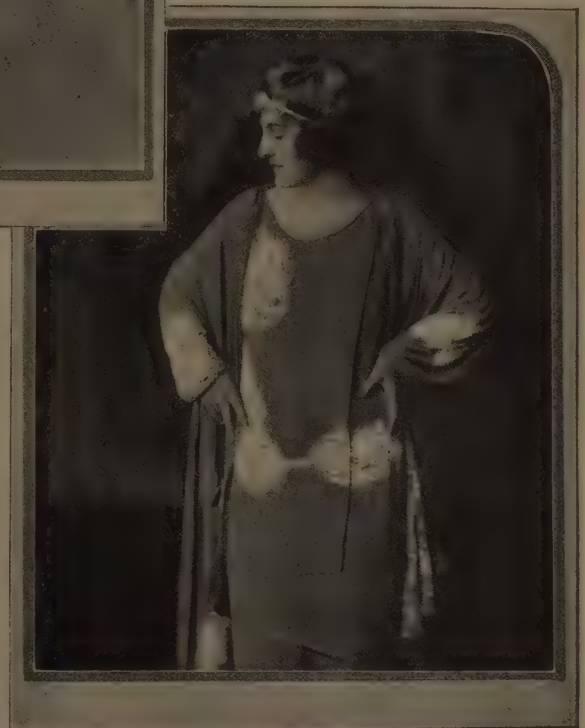
I admire so much people that are like that, don't you? Me, I only act at the last moment under pressure, so that if I ever found something particularly fitting ahead of time I shouldn't know enough to

snap it up . . Tubby says that's because I have no foresight in the end of my nose, where the bump of foresight is located, it seems . . and that it wouldn't be a bad idea if I started out to cultivate a little . . I didn't remember to notice but I am sure Miss Wilson must have a lot . .

She found this season's coat at Stein & Blaine's, and it certainly is a peach . . All their things have such a quality, I think . . I love the place . . Of mink, with the skins so rich that you might almost imagine them to be sable, it has the straight and slender line that is still the top notch of the mode . . And then the most fetching of touches in the way of bands of gold tissue put in on the collar and holding in the slightly full sleeves . . The thick turned-back cuffs can be pushed together to form a tiny muff for the hands . .

Stein & Blaine also did Miss Wilson's recent new frocks in *Little J. J.* . . a grey chiffon, and one shown here, of chartreuse chiffon, with an interesting flat decoration in, as I remember it, iridescent paillettes and small pearl beads . . At any rate it gave that effect . . With Miss Wilson's blonde coloring it was striking . . The feature of the gown is its

One of Miss Wilson's frocks in *Little Jessie James*, created by Stein & Blaine. It is of chartreuse chiffon with an interesting decoration of small pearl beads, and features a very long and wide scarf of the same material and decoration



Alfred Cheney Johnston

very long and wide scarf in the same material as the gown itself and with identically the same decoration . . . Paris is making such scarves and showing them as integral parts of evening frocks, and I strongly recommend this char- treuse model to your consideration as an ideal dinner frock . . .

And speaking of Paris, Fanny is very good about sending me fashion tips from abroad . . . After the Riviera she returned to Paris for part of the season and wrote me the following:

"The first night of the Diaghileff Russian Ballet at the Champs Elysées Theatre was frightfully smart . . . All the women looked so elegant (one of the few occasions where that word of battered reputation may be used), and it was interesting to note that no black dresses were to be seen, and that silver, gold, white and flesh were still the most fashionable colors, embroidered with pearls, with crystal or gold, with silver beads and tubes. Yet there were some very nice frocks too in the bright colors of cherry red, of jade green, and turquoise blue. The new note of white with red appeared here and there and was particularly striking in the case of several dresses in white which were worn with red velvet capes . . . I counted three white chiffon frocks worn by very smart

women, one of them the Marquise de Polignac . . . These dresses were soft and charming, afloat with tunics or wings and trains of the material, no trimming of any consequence, but one vivid red flower posed either at the waist-line, or on the shoulder . . . so good! . . . One of them had a scarlet carnation on the shoulder, from which fell about six strands of narrow ribbon of the same color" . . . (That's an amusing idea, isn't it? And suggestive of other variations.)

"On the stage we saw *Les Biches*, the new ballet of Francis Poulenc, with decorations and costumes from Marie Laurencin, in which a lot of charming young girls wear pink dresses of that nice mauvish pink loved by this designer . . . Some of them have black lace capes over their pink dresses, and this idea is so attractive that I shall expect to see it developed in the new models for fall . . .

"Another new idea is to pin with a camellia a gay-colored handkerchief on the left side of the facing of a jacket, letting the

other side fall on the right shoulder, or twisting it once round the neck . . .

"Snake, lizard and crocodile skins are employed more than ever for shoes, dyed in every possible shade . . . Though that



Angelina posed in the "Rajah" necklace, worn by Edna Leedom of The Follies. It is made up of strands of fresh-water pearls, separated at intervals by plaques of gold set with emeralds and rubies,

which are here put in the semiprecious class because of their cut. Individual plaques, somewhat similar to the large, round one which finishes the necklace, can now be found in one of the shops

isn't a novelty, of course, it is worth noting for your readers, as the vogue of these skins seems to increase every year . . . I saw yesterday at the Champs Elysées Restaurant a very chic woman in all grey crêpe de Chine, who had on not only smart grey snake-skin shoes, but a very chic little hat entirely made in the same grey skin . . . Likewise another woman in all grey who wore bright green lizard-skin shoes, and pearls combined with emerald beads . . .

"A lot of small objects are also made in lizard or 'galuchat,' which is a fish skin a little of the same kind and generally dyed in a pleasing Veronese green or in a raspberry red . . . There are cigarette cases, watches, short umbrellas, handle and tip, small boxes of all kinds, and so on . . . made in this colored galuchat."

Fanny also said you couldn't get away from pearls . . . Practically every woman wore some kind, though there was just as much difference in the kind, and the effect they made, as there is in every other detail of woman's clothes . . .

Women are still funny about pearls . . . So many of them think that a pearl necklace is a pearl necklace, and one string much like another . . . You need a pearl necklace to round out a costume and you

buy one in a store and put it on and wear it, and there you are . . . Whereas, unless you've selected the right kind of pearls, there you aren't at all . . . sartorially at least . . . Very far from it . . . By the right kind of pearl I mean first the right kind for your type, whether you need a smaller or larger bead . . . one string or two, or three . . . short or long or medium . . . Then the shape . . . the color . . . the sheen . . . I'm talking now about the imitation pearls, or as we like better to speak of them to-day, the synthetic or reconstructed pearls . . . No, I'm not entirely . . . For even if you never expect to buy real pearls for yourself, you should take the pains to learn their points of beauty, in order to judge of the imitation ones . . . The better you know what constitutes a beautiful real pearl, the better you can gauge how perfect is its simulator . . .

I'm just beginning to realize that myself . . . Though I've known how to select for my type (I have to have the large choker-necklace pearls, or else several strings . . . a small string, even if the pearls are real; gets nowhere

on me, is completely submerged) that was about as far as my intelligence went in buying . . . If I chose those that looked rather real, it was more by instinct than actual management . . .

But now I've been tipped off as to the things you should have in a pearl string, either real or imitation, and my old ones seem so unsatisfactory . . . I'm going to discard them and buy new ones, and when I do I shall pay more attention to their quality . . . Or rather it occurs to me I won't have to . . . I shall save myself the trouble by buying just one certain make of pearls which have more the qualifications of the real pearl than any I have seen.

These pearls I refer to are the Fountaine pearls . . . Madame Fountaine herself began by selling real pearls, so she knew that angle perfectly . . . And then in Paris, about four years ago, she found a "reproduced" pearl which was so glorious an imitation of the real she was thrilled with the idea of undertaking to sell that . . . She came back to America and started in . . .

Unless someone, or some chance, has called your attention to the Fountaine pearls, you probably will not be familiar with them . . . They have never been advertised like the other imitation pearls . . . You will not find them in any department store, nor even in the specialty shops . . . nor anywhere except in the very best class of jewelry stores . . . In fact, they are the only imitation pearls sold in a jewelry

came from Bombay, it seems, and had once belonged to a famous Rajah . . .

"This was the original," said Miss Leedom . . . She believed one other copy of it had been made . . . There were strands of real fresh-water pearls separated by square plaques of gold set with emeralds and rubies, and a huge round plaque at the end likewise beset . . . The thing was simply stunning, and I gasped with admiration . . .

"Don't be too awestruck over the emeralds and rubies," said Miss Leedom . . . "They're real, but they're only in a class here with the semi-precious stones, because of their cut" . . . Which was hearing some news . . .

"The people who copied my pearl necklace," went on Miss Leedom, "picked it up in India, not really intending to sell it . . .

But when they happened to show it to me, one day, just as an instance of beauty, I had to have it . . .

But I was off on a new scent . . .

"What a day-mean, 'copied your necklace?'" I inquired.

"Why, I was presented last year with a rather beautiful string of real pearls," Miss Leedom explained, "with which I was delighted at first,

but soon found much too much of a strain on the attention, I was always so afraid of losing them . . . They were insured, of course, but then that was another item . . . So, like every wise woman who owns a real string, I went and had them copied in 'reproduction' pearls . . . And now my real string has been parked for several months in the safe deposit vaults of my bank . . . I have naturally stopped my insurance, and I am wearing, oh, so happily, a string of 'reproduction' pearls which no one can tell from the real article . . . I know several women who have gone abroad this year and who have done the very same thing . . . Had their real strings copied by the Fountaine Pearl people . . . that's the name of the firm . . . and stopped their insurance . . . The Fountaine

pearls aren't inexpensive by any means, but even so you save a pretty penny . . ."

"What's the difference between this 'reproduction' pearl, as you call it," inquired Tubby, "and these now 'synthetic' or 'reconstructed' pearls that I hear Angelina talking about?" . . .

"Well, the 'synthetic' pearl is built up from bits of mother-of-pearl, I believe, or sometimes a kind of fish scale, but the 'reproduction' pearl has a tiny glass foundation and is actually reproduced with that as a basis out of some chemically compounded material . . . I don't know what . . . that's their secret . . . It's the only pearl of its kind on the market . . . And it is so perfect, the color, the shape, the weight, the orientation, that even expert jewelers can't always tell it from the real thing . . .

"Fountaine have copied many of the famous family and historic necklaces of the world, necklaces found only in royal vaults or in museums . . . Also those of some of the wealthiest and most important society women in New York . . .

"Can't our artist make a sketch of you to-morrow in the 'Rajah' necklace?" I begged.

"I'd love to," said Miss Leedom, "but how about the day after, I haven't a minute to-morrow . . ."

But it positively had to be to-morrow, and so we finally compromised on arranging to have me pose in the necklace, with credit to be given where credit was due . . . That is the reason why the sketch on the opposite page does not represent Miss Leedom's blonde coloring, but my own more sober hues . . .

If I were not the bobbed variety, I should choose to wear with my pearl necklaces and bracelets a tortoise-shell comb set with large pearls, which I saw recently at a certain hairdresser's, and which had been sent over from their Paris branch . . . You may see it in the sketch on this page . . . To me it reproduced perfectly the atmosphere

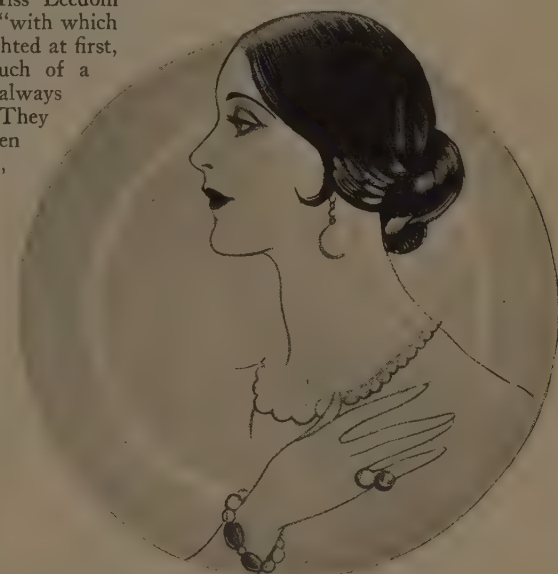


From Paris, where there is such a pearl furor, comes the large pearl-set comb in the center sketch; and grouped around it, also from Paris, are different kinds of small combs, the latest trick for keeping the bob in place. They are set with tiny imitation stones in emerald or topaz or marcasite

store . . . which I think is as interesting a statement as could be made about them, and should make you sit up and take notice at once . . .

My attention was called to the Fountaine pearls in a somewhat roundabout fashion by Edna Leedom of the Ziegfeld Follies . . . If you've seen the Follies this year, you know what a feature of them Miss Leedom is . . . She comes and goes like a constantly recurring theme . . . People with a bug for making comparisons like to describe her as a second Irene Franklin . . . her admirers think she is a likeness of no one but herself . . . Tubby says he takes his hat off to her for getting away with being so pretty and such a comedienne at the same time . . .

To return to the pearls . . . We saw Miss Leedom one Sunday evening in the Japanese Garden at The Ritz . . . She was at the next table to Tubby and me, with Dave Stamper, and she was wearing the most wonderful Oriental-looking necklace . . . She wore with it, cleverly, the simplest of white crêpe de Chine frocks, very décolleté, which served beautifully as a background to bring the necklace out . . . At coffee, Tubby and I went over to speak to her, and of course I had to examine the necklace more closely and learn about it . . . It



A new bracelet of "reproduction" pearls, whose distinction is attained by alternate beads of cream and grey and bronze; and a ring of two large pearls for the little finger, such as it is reported half the women at the French watering places are wearing

of a small royal crown . . . something that Queen Marie of Roumania might wear . . . It is only when I see certain headdresses and beautiful combs like that, that I ever crave to go back to long hair . . .

However, people are working all the time on adornment for the bobbed head . . . as indeed they have to, there are now so many of us . . . At the same place, for instance, where I saw the pearl comb, I saw also the most charming small combs for bobbed hair, the latest note from Paris, and which I have seen so far only in this one establishment . . . They come in pairs as a rule, to be arranged according to one's type of bob . . . There was a set of little half-moon combs in a jade green composition of some sort . . . another in half-circle shape of dark tortoise-shell with a delicate gold pattern on the edge . . . others set with tiny brilliant green or topaz stones . . .

The subject of hair reminds me of how I happened in on a smart friend of mine last week just as she was packing for a short house party in an Adirondack camp . . . Rather Sarah, the maid, was packing, with occasional supervision from her mistress . . .

"Don't forget the curling iron the way you did last time, Sarah," she adjured . . .

"Curling iron!" I exclaimed. "How funny! I didn't know anyone possessed such a thing nowadays . . . I thought we all went to the hairdresser's . . . or something . . ."

"Oh, you perpetual New Yorkers!" exclaimed my friend in turn. "Where do you suppose I'm going to find a hairdresser in an Adirondack camp!"

That did make me feel rather stupid . . . I hadn't thought of it that way . . .

"Or in half a dozen different places or occasions," she added trenchantly. "You women are simply slaves to your hairdressers . . . If you would get one of the new Star-Rite electric curling irons, you would find it the greatest liberator . . . You could save on your expense account, on your time, and you wouldn't have any of those betwixt

and between periods in the appearance of your hair . . ."

"You begin to convince me," I responded. "Let's see your little old curling iron . . . Star-Rite you said? That's the name, I'm sure, of our clever new electric toaster, down in the country . . ."

Sarah brought the curling iron for my inspection, and it looked as good as the electric toaster on which I was already

sold . . . There was a handle of wood . . . Circassian walnut, I think . . . in the first place . . . to which was attached a green silk cord and a socket attachment . . . And then this handle was made in two pieces, to turn with the cord and prevent it from getting twisted and tangled . . . Merely taking the iron, which was very light, in my hand, made me realize how much easier it would be to use and get results with than

the ordinary all-steel curler . . . I could see . . . even I, the perpetual city-dweller, as I was called . . . that there would be times and places where it would be invaluable . . .

Coming out of my friend's apartment, I encountered Helen Lee Worthing, who has recently transported her beauty from the Follies to the pictures, and is now appearing with Marion Davies in "Janice Meredith" . . .

She was so pleased, she told me, because after going all over town, she had finally found the frock for which she was looking . . . But she had certainly had some hunt . . . and it wasn't until she got to Russek's that she lit upon "just what she wanted" . . .

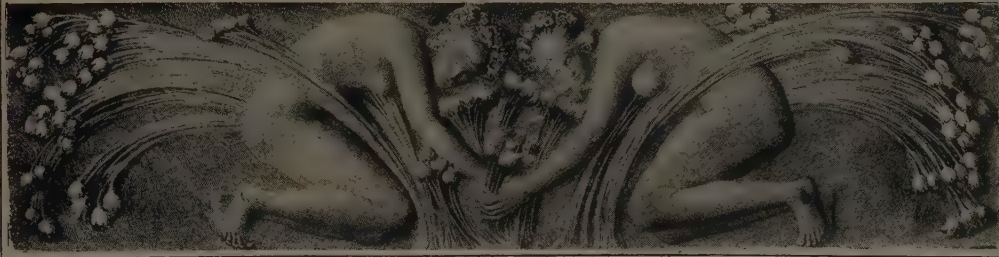
That "just-what-she-wanted" was an in-between frock to finish out the summer and commence the fall with . . . And she had to get it then, in a lull of work at the studio, because once started on a new picture there was practically no time for anything else . . . Didn't I want to come round to her apartment in 58th Street and have tea and see the frock . . . She was sure it must have come home by this time . . .

I did . . . and it had . . . and, as Miss Worthing had said, it certainly was a peach . . . with its smart, slender lines and its all-blackness, which was so becoming to Miss Worthing's fair coloring . . . I persuaded her to let our artist sketch it.

(For addresses or prices of articles, mentioned in *The Promenades*, or any further information concerning them, write Angelina, CARE THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th St., New York City.)



Helen Lee Worthing posed in the perfection of a between-season frock from Russek. It is of black bengaline, an ideal material for such a frock, and is really brilliantly cut for chic and slender lines, having no trimming save the manipulation of its material, and tiny buttons of brilliants, trefoil shape, set in rims of black



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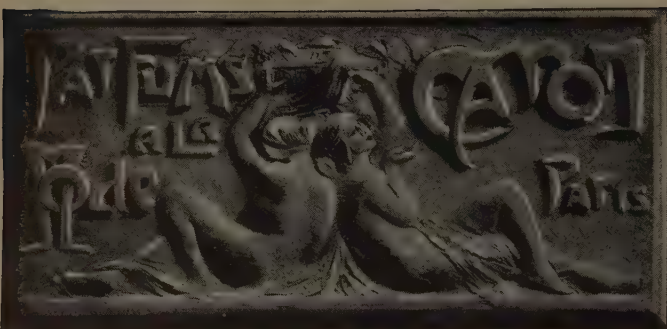
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THE SHOW-OFF

(Continued from page 28)



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Expressing the personality he adores.

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(love only me)

Le Cabuc blond

Nuit de Noel
(Christmas Eve)

by the creators of

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with his belongings. Aubrey poses as the owner of the house, and makes the most of the opportunity to impress a complete stranger. As soon as Gill has gone, Amy comes in. . . .

AUBREY: Well, kid, what's the good word?

AMY (*breaking down*): Aubrey, Pop is dead. (*She buries her face in the lapel of his coat. He takes her in his arms, looks straight ahead, and there to a long pause, during which Amy cries hard.*)

AUBREY: Don't let it get you, honey—you have nothing to regret and nothing to fear. The kid from West Philly 'll never go back on you—you know that, don't you, baby? . . . You know that, don't you, Amy? . . . You know I'm with you. . . .

AMY: Yes.

AUBREY: Don't cry, honey; the old man's better off than we are. He knows all about it now. (*He kisses her.*)

AMY: What do you think we ought to do, Aubrey?

AUBREY: There's nothing at all that you can do that I can see, sweetheart, except to sit tight till the folks get back. They'll know all about it.

AMY: They said Pop died at a quarter of six. . . . (*She cries softly.*)

AUBREY: Now pull yourself together, sweetheart.

AMY: This is where Pop always used to sit in the evening. It'll seem funny not to see him here any more. (*She breaks down again.*)

AUBREY (*after a slight pause*): The old gent had to go some time. . . . Your Mother'll have you and me to comfort her now.

AMY: I don't know how Mom'll keep this house going now, just on Joe's pay.

AUBREY: Why don't you say something to your Mother about letting us come in here? She'll need a man in the house. And my salary'd cover the rent.

AMY: Mom doesn't have to pay rent, Aubrey; she owns this house. Pop left it to her. He made his will out the week after we were married. . . . Clara got him to do it.

AUBREY: Who's the executor, do you know?

AMY: Clara is. (*Aubrey nods comprehendingly.*)

AUBREY: Too bad your Father didn't make me the executor of that will; I could have saved him a lot of money.

AMY: I suppose he thought on account of Clara being the oldest.

AUBREY: I wonder why your Father never liked me.

AMY: Pop never said he didn't like you, Aubrey.

AUBREY: I always tried to be clubby with him. I used to slap him on the back whenever I spoke to him.

AMY: Pop was always very quiet.

AUBREY: And the kid from West Philly had too much to say. Well, forgive and forget. It's all over now.

And the old man can be as quiet as he likes. (*Amy cries again, and there is a pause. Aubrey stands, smoking.*)

. . . And so it will always go, I suppose. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

AMY: What does that mean, Aubrey? AUBREY (*casually*): It's an old saying from the French, meaning "We're here to-day and gone to-morrow."

AMY (*wretchedly*): I'm worried about to-morrow, Aubrey.

AUBREY: What are you worried about, sweetheart?

AMY: I mean Monday.

AUBREY: Now, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." You know that, don't you, baby?

AMY: But you didn't have a license, Aubrey. And if that traffic officer should be seriously injured—

AUBREY: Don't you worry about that, sweetheart. We're here to-day, and if he's seriously injured, we'll know all about it Monday. (*The curtain commences to descend slowly.*) "Sic transit gloria mundi."

ACT III. The following Monday, about four o'clock in the afternoon. Rogers, the insurance agent, hands Mrs. Fisher a receipt for one thousand dollars, which she signs after receiving the check. She and Clara are much amused to hear that Rogers had interested Aubrey in a fifty-thousand-dollar policy, and they assure the agent that he is only wasting his time. As soon as he has gone, Mrs. Fisher discusses Aubrey. "Can you imagine that clown, Clara, takin' up that man's time talkin' about a fifty-thousand-dollar policy; and him in debt to his eyes. . . . I hate to see him makin' such a fool of Amy. . . ." CLARA: She's in love with him, Mom—she doesn't see him through the same eyes that other people do.

MRS. FISHER: You're always talkin' about love; you give me a pain. . . . I'm sure she acted silly enough when she took him.

CLARA: She might have taken worse, Mom. He does his best. He works every day, and he gives her his money; and nobody ever heard of him looking at another woman.

MRS. FISHER: But he's such a rattle-brain, Clara.

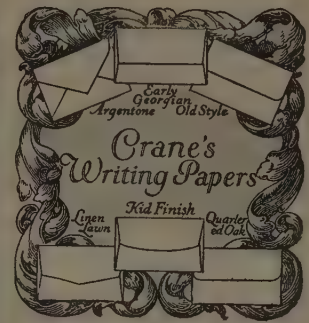
CLARA: Oh, there are lots of things that are harder to put up with in a man than that, Mom. I know he's terribly silly, and has too much to say and all that, but—I don't know, I feel kind of sorry for him sometimes. He'd so love to be important, and, of course, he never will be.

MRS. FISHER: Well, I swear I don't know how Amy stands the everlastin' talk of him. He's been here now only a week, and I'm tellin' you, Clara, I'm nearly light-headed. I'll be glad when they go.

CLARA: I'd rather have a man that talked too much than one of those silent ones. Honestly, Mom, I think sometimes if Frank Hyland doesn't



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for a friend and sealed it!*



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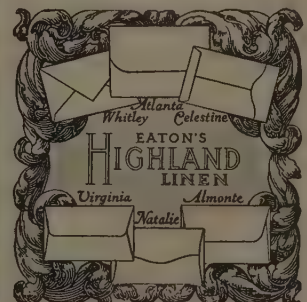
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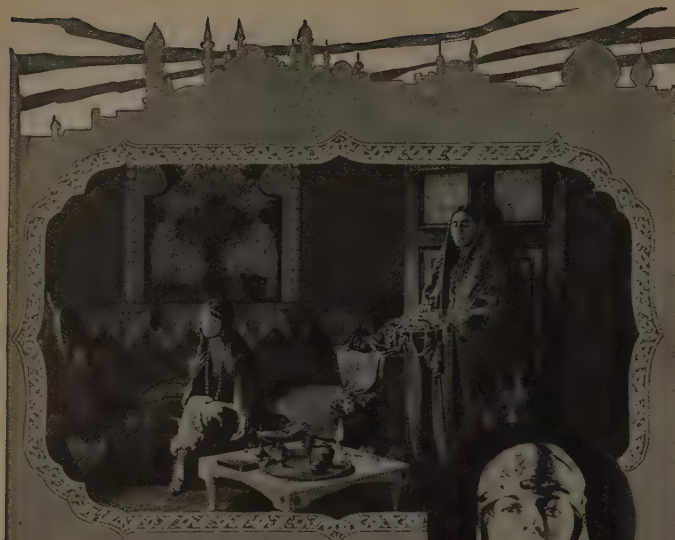
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say something I'll go out of my mind. MRS. FISHER: Well, lots of men are that way in the house.

CLARA: But there are usually children there—it isn't so bad.

MRS. FISHER: Well, if ever Amy has any children, and they have as much to say as their father, I don't know what'll become of her.

CLARA: If she's in love with the man she's married to, and he's in love with her, and there are children . . .

MRS. FISHER: I never saw a married woman so full of love.

CLARA: I suppose that's because I never had any of it, Mom.

MRS. FISHER: Don't your man love you?

CLARA (shaking her head): He loved someone else before he met me.

"Well, a body can't have everything in this world, Clara," says Mrs. Fisher philosophically. Just then Amy comes in from the Police Court, announcing that Aubrey has been fined a thousand dollars. She has made herself responsible and must go back to work in order to pay the fine. Aubrey and Frank Hyland arrive shortly afterward, the latter having paid the fine until Amy can pay him back. The others have dispersed. Mrs. Fisher has just taken up her knitting when Joe comes in, full of excitement, and draws her attention to a paragraph in the evening paper: "Philadelphia Youth Makes Important Chemical Discovery. Mr. Joseph Fisher of North Philadelphia Perfects Rust-Preventive Solution."

JOE: One hundred thousand dollars, Mother! They signed for it this afternoon in the lawyer's office.

MRS. FISHER: The Meyers, and Stevens people?

JOE: Yeh. . . . They sent for me. . . . And they had the contracts all drawn up and everything. . . . You know, Mom, I kinda feel that there's somethin' comin' to that nut out of this thing. He gave me an idea here one

night. . . . It was the way he got it mixed. He said that it was a combination of chemical elements to be added to the metal in its molten state, instead of applied externally, as they had been doin'. And I landed on it.

Clara comes in, having been next door to telephone, and is thrilled to hear the news, but not more so than Aubrey and Amy.

JOE: You know, it was a funny thing, Mom, when I first talked to the Meyers and Stevens people, I was only to get fifty thousand dollars advance; and when I went up there today, they had the contracts all made out for a hundred thousand.

AUBREY: And they're getting away with murder at that.

MRS. FISHER: Oh, keep still, you! You don't know anything about this.

AUBREY: I made them think I knew something about it.

MRS. FISHER: You made who think?

AUBREY: Meyers and Stevens.

JOE: What are you talkin' about, Aubrey, do you know?

AUBREY: Certainly, I know what I'm talking about. I went to see those people, last Saturday afternoon, after you told me they'd talked to you.

JOE: Well, what did you say to them?

AUBREY: Why, I simply told them that your father was dead and that I was acting in the capacity of business adviser to you, and that, if this discovery of yours was as important as you had led me to believe it was, they were simply taking advantage of your youth by offering you fifty thousand dollars for it. And that I refused to allow you to negotiate further, unless they doubled the advance, market it at their expense and one-half the net. Sign on the dotted line—

AMY: Aubrey, you're wonderful! Isn't he wonderful, Mom?

MRS. FISHER (after a long sigh): God help me, from now on!

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The ethereal beauty of Wilhelm's lovely arrangement of Wagner's *Album Leaf*, a number set high in the violin range, is brought out in its perfection by Mischa Elman in all its delicate tonal shades on a new record. Paired with it is *The Gondolier's Song*, a number calling for all the subtle simplicity and naturalness of this master's bow. A reminder of a

militant drama is the latest record by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Willem Mengelberg. It is Mendelssohn's famous *War March of the Priests* for Racine's *Athalie*, a stern number with majestic trumpetings and massive chords. With Halverson's quaint Nordic *March of the Boyars* on the other side, a worthwhile addition to one's collection.

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Leopold Godowsky has solved the problem of how to get a concert grand piano into a modern apartment. He simply combines his own magic with that of Brunswick recording, and there you are! This month he has chosen *The Music Box*, by Liadou, and *Playera*, a lively, piquant Spanish dance of Granados.

Rachmaninoff's *At Night*, with a soft piano accompaniment by Frederic Persson and a new violin obbligato

played by Fredric Fradkin, form a combination which calls for a voice of romantic color and an artistic sensibility of the highest rank. With Tchaikowsky's *Tell Me Why* (*Pourquoi?*) as a companion piece, the stage is obviously set for Mario Chamlee, and if you still have any doubts as to the inspirational quality of modern Russian music, prepare to shed them now. The proof is in the playing of this record.

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Does away forever with starvation diets, tiring exercises, baths, drugs or self denials. Makes you *look* thinner the moment you put it on and actually takes away 3 to 10 inches in a remarkably short time. Based on new principle of "unconscious massage." Thousands have already achieved slim, boyish lines through this amazing new method

WOMEN everywhere are reducing this wonderful, comfortable, easy way! Are taking off the disfiguring, useless fat from waist, hips, thighs and abdomen—quickly, easily, and achieving fashion's trim, straight lines almost before they know it.

This marvelously flexible girdle fits as smoothly and snugly as a kid glove, and is so constructed that it fits right into the figure and touches and gently massages every inch of the surface continually. See how it encircles the hips and thighs as well as the abdomen and holds them in. How it comes well up over the diaphragm and supports the muscles of the back and sides, helping prevent fatigue. Yet it does not shove up the bust as do some girdles or corsets! Observe the front cut-out which insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play. And the special lacing in the back which makes it easy to adjust as you become more slender. Just one supple steel, judiciously placed in the front to allow greater freedom—and none to ride up and stick into you, or to catch you cruelly over the hip bones! The hand-turned hem prevents splitting and tearing. The garters hold the Madame X firmly in place, so that while you enjoy maximum freedom of motion, your entire figure is held in firmly and the body is kept erect and well poised.

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professional athletes as the safest way to reduce. (It is only live, uncovered rubber that will really grip and give a genuine massage.) It is based on an entirely new principle that often takes off one to three inches the very first week. It is worn over the undergarment, instead of a corset, and has garters attached. It keeps the pores open, gives fine support and is a wonderfully healthful garment in every way.

With every step, with every breath, with every little motion, the live rubber gently massages away the fat. There is a continuous minute-by-minute massage that quickly moulds away the fat you do not want and gives the whole figure a wonderful new slenderness and grace. And the girdle also conceals big hips, thighs and abdomen. Thousands of women who do not need to reduce, wear it for comfort only.

Why Leading Stage Women Wear the Madame X

Step into the Madame X Girdle and you will readily see why prominent actresses are so enthusiastic about this wonderful girdle. It not only takes off useless fat, but keeps the figure slender and youthful looking. You can wear stylish, becoming clothes at once! It gives you immediately the smooth, straight, unbroken lines that add so much to the appearance.

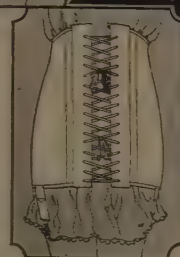
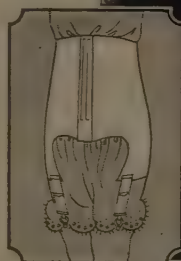
Once you have tried on this marvelously light girdle, you won't want to take it off! Women who wear it would never go back to the old-fashioned corset. You will be amazed at the instant comfort and improvement. See the Madame X Reducing Girdle for yourself. That is really the only way you can appreciate its unusual features.

HELEN WARE

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"What a comfort it is to a woman to feel carefree, and yet to know that whether she is dressed for dinner or the most strenuous of outdoor exercise, her figure looks trim and neat. That is what the 'Madame X' corset has done for me, and I shall stick to it as closely as it sticks to me."

Gratefully,
(Signed) Helen Ware."



Pat. May 13, 1924

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"HASSAN"—LONDON HIT COMING

(Continued from page 12)

If all in *Hassan* had been of this poetic quality; had the prose dialogue (most of the drama is in prose) been as well-knit and clear; had the construction been less awkward than it seems; had, above all, the characterization of Hassan and Rafi been more logical; one might, with reason, endorse the warm encomiums which followed the production of the play at His Majesty's. No one with the least sense of beauty could deny the loveliness of Hassan's rhapsodies. Take this, for instance, in the opening act, the best of the five. It is intoned by Hassan to Yasmin, to the accompaniment of a lute:

*How splendid in the morning glows
the lily; with what grace he
throws
His supplication to the rose: do roses
nod the head, Yasmin?
But when the silver dove descends I
find the little flower of friends,
Whose very name that sweetly ends,
I say when I have said, Yasmin.
The morning light is clear and cold;
I dare not in that light behold
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory
too far shed, Yasmin;
But when the deep red eye of day is
level with the lone highway,
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and
I toward thy bed, Yasmin,
Shower down thy love, O burning
bright; for one night or the other
night
Will come the Gardener in white;
and gathered flowers are dead,
Yasmin!*

If— There is much virtue in an "if." Nothing can make it plausible to associate such lines as those I have just quoted with a person of so rude and plain a type as Hassan, or persuade one that his brief fondness for a harlot could change a confectioner of Bagdad, whose habitual speech is that of his own class, by fits and starts into a true poet.

Wisely did the managers of the play choose His Majesty's, which for four years sheltered *Chu-Chin-Chow*, for their production of this *Hassan*. And more wisely did they lavish on it rich embellishments of music, costuming and scenery. In the matter of settings, though, they are occasionally too literal, and in one scene—a prison scene, too "modern." The street outside the balcony of Yasmin is exquisite. The interior of Hassan's pavilion is quite the contrary. Two ballets (one, a dance of Beggars) lend interest of an operatic kind to the unfolding of the drama; while Frederick Delius, the composer of *A Village Romeo*, has written an ambitious score for the work, which, like the play itself, has been overpraised. Much of his music is borrowed from Strauss and Debussy, and none of it impresses me as strikingly original.

Altogether, *Hassan* disappointed me. But, as a spectacle and, in spots, as a poetical excursion, it may be popular.

BEWARE OF IDEAS!

(Continued from page 9)

Charles Dickens in writing *Oliver Twist*, showed very plainly that it is wrong to ill-treat workhouse children. But that which gives imperishable value and interest to *Oliver Twist* are the deathless portraits of Bumble, and Fagin, Nancy, Bill Sikes, and the rest. Shelley, with equal zeal for social reform, wrote excellent poetry to correct mankind of their inhuman habit of eating lamb chops. But that which endures in *Queen Mab*, is not Shelley's vegetarianism, but his poetry. Men still continue to eat lamb chops, thus causing great perplexity to our Dominion Premiers in the matter of meat importation.

If I may adopt a missionary tone myself, I would counsel our rising young dramatists: "O, my dear young brethren, as one who has often been sorely tempted to reform the British Drama by the easy and sinful means of propagandist plays, let me earnestly implore you to save the souls of your dramatic reputations. Forsake the evil path of educating playgoers by offering them social problems which, as I have shown, you cannot prove. And O, my dear young friends, let me implore you to beware of having 'ideas.' For in ten years' time the great public, and also the superior

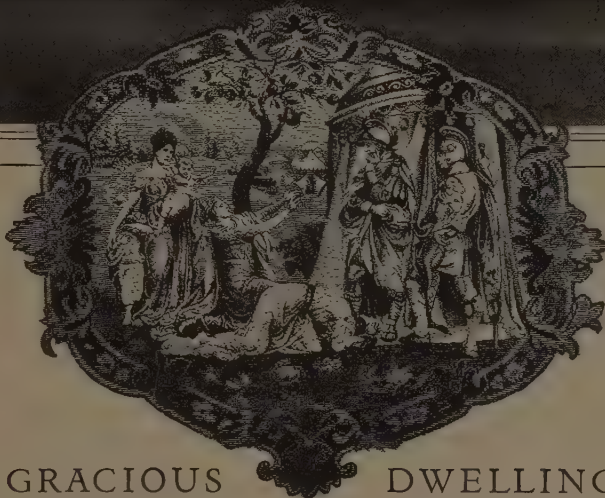
order of intellectual playgoers who form your *clientèle*, will have stuffed their heads with a brand-new set of 'ideas' and problems and fads, and you will then be as voices crying in the wilderness, whom no man regardeth. Lastly, I exhort you to write upon the tablets of your hearts Aristotle's two main rules of playcraftsmanship, verified and confirmed for two thousand years. The plot is the first thing. The end—that is a definite inevitable conclusion to which all the articulated action directs—"The end is the chief thing." I will never cease to pray for you that you may be kept on the plain, straight road."

Is then the drama forbidden to teach? Do *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* teach us nothing? Yes, the drama should teach; indeed it cannot avoid teaching—either good or evil. But the drama should teach, not openly and directly by preachments and proclamations and propaganda, but as Nature teaches, silently, indirectly, implicitly; by action not by words; with potent but unseen influence and occult far-removed results. The drama should slyly, obliquely insinuate lessons in the science which most of all we are all concerned to learn—the science of wise living.



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THE MEN WHO WRITE THE HITS

(Continued from page 10)

such prodding isn't necessary. Mr. Lynn Starling, for all his joviality and rollicking camaraderie with men and women, gives one the impression of being a bit cynical about this business of marriage. I may be wrong, but I believe he thinks women just naturally belong to the unreliable and generally cantankerous sex.

Asked to sketch his history briefly so that it might be presented to a waiting, breathless public, Mr. Starling glibly began:

"Born in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, thirty-five years ago. Hopkinsville is filled with lovely people who say, when I visit the home town: 'New York must be a fascinating place, but don't you miss Hopkinsville terrible?' I graduated from Center College of Kentucky, took an M. A. degree and then taught modern languages for two years in the Lawrenceville School for Boys. After that I attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts for two years, and then began my career as an actor. My first engagement was with Billie Burke. I had the honor of carrying her grips. Then I played many years in stock, primarily in second man and juvenile rôles. But I also was cast as everything from a doddering grandfather to a callow fourteen-year-old. Naturally, my pub-

lic liked me best in the dashing hero rôles."

Even after becoming a playwright, Mr. Starling found himself recast as an actor. He played one of the husbands in his own play, *Meet the Wife*. The actor who had this rôle became suddenly ill with pleurisy, which developed into pneumonia, and Mr. Starling had to step into the part, which he played four weeks.

"It was rather a unique experience," he said. "It seemed strange to be speaking aloud the lines I had written. I constantly found myself ready to speak the lines of other characters, and had the impulse to keep pulling up the others in the cast, in addition to taking care of my own performance."

Speaking of his play-writing plans for the future, Mr. Starling said:

"I hope some day to write great comedies. Somerset Maugham and Bernard Shaw have set such high standards that I must keep climbing. But I have excellent lungs and breath control, and they may hold out until I get somewhere near the top. The comedy standard I have before me is that set by Maugham in *Our Betters* and in *The Circle*, brilliantly written plays and true."

ART IN "THE OPEN SPACES"

(Continued from page 22)

Moscow Art Theatre and the Theatre Guild, to whom the company gives just credit on its programs for many of its working principles, ideas and choice of plays, a democratic spirit permeates the organization. Everything is subordinated to the artistic impression.

During the first season the company produced George Bernard Shaw's *Candida*, Arthur Richman's *Ambush*, A. A. Milne's *Mr. Pim Passes By*, St. John Ervine's *Jane Clegg* and Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon*. After considering the impression produced along the circuit, the members of the company believe that on a whole the repertoire was a trifle too heavy, and during the coming season the plans call for more comedy. Three plays will be produced in twenty-eight towns and cities. Arrangements have been completed for seasons in Tacoma, Boise, Seattle, Ogden, Portland, Salt Lake City; Pocatello, Idaho; Logan, Utah; Hood River, Ore.; Kennewick, Wash.; Preston, Idaho; Rexburg, Idaho; Idaho Falls; Bellingham, Wash.; Olympia, Wash.; Vancouver; The Dalles, Ore.; Twin Falls, Idaho, and Centralia, Wash.

Because of limited resources, the company has made use of curtains to a large extent in its stage settings. A set of heavy monk's cloth, arranged

for permanent doors, windows and essential woodwork and decoration was used as the background for the first five plays, with blue curtains for outdoor scenes. Through the ingenious use of these curtains, which with the other stage fittings and essential properties can be packed in two trunks, the company succeeded in achieving always just the desired semblance of reality, concentrating on the impression and not an excess of detail.

This pioneer circuit repertoire company has made no appeal for outside assistance. The first season was financed entirely by the contracts for minimum guarantees. Just as the Theatre Guild has struggled through the initial years of its famous career, this company of determined artists is laboring under great hardships. They have asked for no help.

The success of the past season seems adequate reason to suppose the company will be permanent. The policy of course, will be subjected to such changes as seem advisable as the scope of activity widens.

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THREE NEW THEATRICAL SENSATIONS

(Continued from page 17)

the décor on the stage—in such moments, Stravinsky not only completely discards melody as we have known it, but disdains to employ a single modulation to soothe the excited ear. It is a wild technic that is here employed, a technic of distorted dynamics, of violent and spasmodic syncopation (Stravinsky's blood has quickened to the pulse of jazz) in which the sounds are driven to the very limits of human receptivity. It is the music of a disillusioned and disorganized world, a music in which prettiness and comfort and peace do not exist. It could scarcely be classified with those harmonic progressions which are "a sequence of sonant loveliness." Possibly it is no longer the thing we call music. But, whether as an experiment in new *timbres* or as an expression of powerfully contrasted rhythms, the score of *Noces* will command the admiration of every musician.

The second event took place in Salzburg, after the conclusion of the Chamber Music Festival. A male chorus came to give a final concert. They called themselves the *Chor der Don-Kosaken*. This chorus of Cossacks from the Don looked negligible enough as they entered the hall—thirty, reticent, rather shabby individuals, totally unlike the usual Russian troupe of the professional theatre. But with the first, half-hummed chord, a vibration such as has seldom been heard in a concert-hall, astonished the hearers. Led by their director, Serge Jaroff, whose dwarfed figure and nervous energy gave him a bird-like agility, the chorus sang a series of sacred and secular songs, arranged by Tschaiakowski, Archangelski and Jaroff himself. But it was the folk-tunes—all unaccompanied—in which this organization made their

deepest impression. They sang a ballad in which some of the voices struck ringing bells, while the rest of the chorus sounded the resonant overtones with uncanny certainty and effect. The basses—and theirs was a depth of fabulous richness—held an organ-point on contra B, while, as if from a mountain-peak rolling to the valley, descended a chain of distant echoes. The *Bandura* (arranged from an ancient melody for a stringed instrument) began with the entire chorus imitating the plucked chords of guitars and balalaikas; a soft "blim-blim-blim," astonishingly varied in tempo and dynamics, above which a single baritone begins to tell the story of separation and loneliness. *Um den Wald herum* served as the greatest possible contrast. A solo tenor begins a simple tune—and suddenly the wilderness breaks loose. It is as if a thousand Cossacks had charged across the proscenium. There is a fierce jubilation, a roaring and whistling, an ever-increasing wildness—but always preserving the greatest accuracy of rhythm—until, at the height of the melodic madness, there is a rocket-like burst of sound and, with the crack of a whip, the song is broken off. . . . The audience, which had listened with perfunctory applause to the far more pretentious programs of those whom Mayor Hylan has immortally characterized as "art-artists," suddenly went almost as wild as the song. The restrained foreigners, the placid Salzburgers, the critical musicians were all caught in a wave of enthusiasm, a surge that leaped, stormed and demanded encore after encore until, after one of the group, springing from its midst, had danced a tempestuous Krakowiak, and the lights were extinguished.

THE FIRST NIGHT: THEN AND NOW

(Continued from page 19)

offerings, the production of a new play was calculated to attract an audience representative of the best elements of the city.

If one knew his New York, to look about the house filled with women handsomely attired and men in full evening dress—the dinner coat with black tie being a comparative innovation—was to recognize almost every one present as being of some distinction, personally or by family connection. Even the critics were of a dignity which seems to have passed.

Today, the New York first night as a social event is a joke. Occasionally there is an exception, such as when Mr. Belasco, or Mr. Miller, or the Empire management sees to it that desirable persons get the preference in the assignment of seats. As a rule, the best of the places are occupied by unimportant persons who do not con-

fer distinction but fancy that they achieve distinction by being among those present. There is no lack of brilliance in feminine attire. But the men who hustle about the aisles and lobbies have not troubled to substitute evening clothes for the quaint apparel worn in the busy marts of the cloak and suit and similar industries. The talk is audibly of domestic and business affairs, or, if it has to do with the stage offering, is more likely to be of its financial prospects than of its artistic or literary merits. The women are restrained by no old-time sense of propriety from mixing with the men in the lobbies between acts to exhibit themselves and their familiarity with the art of cigarette smoking. The last touch of present-day elegance is added when one of our gorgeous movie-queens and her friends deign to honor the event by their presence.



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(Continued from page 24)

the play came to New York as *Lollipop*, announcing itself as the "dancingest play in town."

Madge Kennedy had played in *Cornered*. An idea of dual personality was brought to the office and I was asked to write a new play on it, which I did. Miss Kennedy has asked me to write her next play. She is so gifted an actress that she requires little fitting. She is one of those perfect thirty-four actresses that can step into any play. I am writing a musical play for George MacFarland. It will be a great pleasure to write one for Vivienne Segal, who, when Miss Wood became seriously ill, stepped into *The Clinging Vine* and wore the play as though it had been made for her.

Fitting! Tailor fitting! That is my recipe for a successful play. I care not who calls me a tailor playwright. To my mind that is a compliment, for it means that the star has been well clothed. In tailored not costume garments.

My business training as the manager of a typewriting office, between engagements on the stage, was useful beyond calculation in my writing. For instance, if only those men who love their business would go downtown, how many offices do you suppose would be occupied? I don't like to write. I hate it. But it is profitable. I enjoy the reward of the finished product. As the business man forces himself to go to his office I force myself to my typewriter.

In my writing-room are only essentials. Its pictures are scenes from my plays. My desk is a big, flat-topped one. My tools are always at hand and in order. A carpenter would not do his day's work well if his saw were rusty and his hammer broken. I keep on my desk a dozen pencils of as many different kinds. It is surprising how many kinds of pencils there are—round ones, square ones, six-sided ones. Changing from one of these to another rests the muscles. A doctor prescribed a variety of pencils while I was suffering from neuritis. It may prove a preventive of the disease for writers. In my writing periods I avoid all business details. My husband censors my mail and lets me see only those dealing with imperative concerns. While I am writing a play I reduce distractions and interruptions to a minimum.

Plots come to me from the need of them. That is this tailor playwright's belief. The clinging type of woman has always amused me. When Peggy Wood, one of our most cerebral actresses, needed a play the clinging type recurred to me for comedy purposes. The idea for the financial complication came from two lines in a New England newspaper telling of the operations of a bogus company that sold stock in a non-existent gold mine. I wedded these two themes,

gave Miss Peggy some songs, and the framework of the play, the plot, was finished. It only needed filling. The tailor method, but mine!

I stow away ideas for plots in my subconsciousness. Several are always germinating there. For instance, I don't believe the moldy adage that when misfortunes come to a man his friends vanish. I determined to write a play reversing that idea. When George MacFarland needed a play I reverted to this theme. In *The Under Dog* I shall show how a man's friends rally around him when he strikes the rough trail.

My Latin strain, that came from my father, whose name was Paldi, caused me to be a musician whether I would or not. I have spoken and written jingles since I can remember. Lyric writing is my birthright. I have written for newspapers in the West and acquired a certain facility with phrases. But I went on the stage and would have been content to be an actress all my life but for Clyde Fitch. Between engagements I was secretary for Clyde Fitch. He gave me his plays to type. He used to tell me to build up my own part in the plays. I appeared in *Lover's Lane*, *Glad of It*, *The Truth* and other of his plays. Other managers told me to build up my parts. That was an invaluable experience. From strengthening my own parts I passed into building scenes at their request. I have done a great deal of writing at other authors' expense. But that is their secret and mine.

While he was writing *The Truth* Mr. Fitch gave me a frightful scolding. "Zelda," he said, "you can write plays. I know you can because of the way you have polished some of my scenes when I have asked you to. You could be a playwright but for your mental laziness. You are energetic with your hands and your feet. Make your mind create."

I did not believe him. I told him so. The habit of being an actress was fixed. It is the laziest of lives. I loafed about the theatre and thought I was working when I played a part I enjoyed. I idled away the rest of my time. I thought when I was reading history or poetry or philosophy was employing my mental energies. It was not. The putting forth of energy is in creation.

If Clyde Fitch had not died untimely I probably never would have turned playwright. He was writing a play in which I was to star. He wrote me that the play was finished. When it arrived we found it was only a tangle of his brilliant thoughts.

My full share of vicissitudes as dramatist awaited me. The first opportunity openly and overtly to write a play was when Mr. A. H. Wood asked me to dramatize *The Heart of a Child*. I dramatized the novel a

(Concluded on page 62)

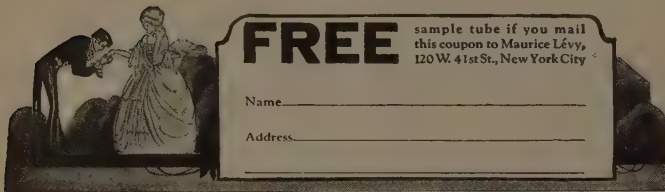


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"If you want to know anything about hair, go to the moving picture actress," someone observed to us awhile back.

"Why not the actress plain and simple?" we asked.

"The actress, too, if you like! But in front of the camera there is not the same possibility of camouflage as on the stage with its footlights. The hair must be the real article, be full of life and sheen and beauty. A beautiful head of hair has come to be demanded of every moving picture star."

That sounded reasonable . . . And craving recently to know something about hair, both for our own need, and for that of several others who were clamoring for information, we took occasion to consult Betty Blythe, whose picture *Recoil* happens, as we write, to be making its first appearance at The Capitol.

Miss Blythe, who has since gone back to the Coast, was then at The Ambassador, and we had come to pay her an early call. Besides all the other features that Miss Blythe possesses, her teeth, her skin, her eyes, that "certain Greek purity" of figure, as it has been called, which enabled *The Queen of Sheba* to get past the censors, she has the loveliest soft golden brown hair. As the morning sun lit up its beauty, we remembered the advice given above, and shot our query:

"If here do you go for your hair, may we ask?"

"Why to —, of course," replied Miss Blythe, seeming to be a bit surprised, "where we all go." She named in quick succession eight or ten of the biggest stars in the moving picture and theatrical worlds. "Actors, too," she added. "The place is up in a tall building on Fifth Avenue where the sun and air come in, and doesn't cover such a large extent of space. I think of it more as a hive of busy cubbyholes. But you should just see the signed pictures covering the walls from the actors and actresses in the two professions, who have given them in token of their gratitude."

And then Miss Blythe went on and held us spellbound with this fascinating information which we hand on as nearly word for word as may be.

"There are seven sisters . . . they came originally from California . . . who are in this business of beautifying the hair of the world. Though they prefer to call themselves hair and scalp specialists rather than beauty culturists, that is what it comes down to in the end. Not only beautifying hair, but creating beauty itself, for how can you be beautiful without lovely healthy hair as a frame for the face, and if you have that you have half the battle.

"Four of these sisters attend to the New York office, one is in Washington, and two are in the Paris office, which is an enormous success, not only with French women, who have never had such scientific treatments before, but with American society women abroad. I've forgotten how many women presented this season at the English Court are their steady customers.

"The treatments are so logical, not the same thing for every condition of the scalp. But a special tonic for an oily scalp. And another tonic for a dry scalp. And another for what they call a 'tired scalp.' And their two pomades, suitable for blonde or brunette heads, are wonderful for growing hair and practically greaseless. Even if you can't have the personal treatments, with the right tonic and pomade and one of their special brushes, you can keep your hair in perfect condition.

"As for the work of these sisters in hair coloring, for gray hair, or for æsthetic reasons, that is nothing short of genius," was Miss Blythe's final tribute.

For the name and address of these Hair Specialists recommended by Betty Blythe, and the list, with prices, of their preparations, write *The Vanity Box*, care THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.



After golfing or tennis, the first thing I turn to is my bottle of Orchidew. It counteracts any effect from the sun's rays and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

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Julia Sanderson.

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(*) If you wish to avoid delay, send remittance with your order, and cross out line B. otherwise, cross out line A and just sign your name to the coupon and mail to us.

I have given up cold cream for cleansing my face and am substituting instead this wonderful new cleansing preparation, Orchidew.

Claiborne Foster.

I have found the new preparation Orchidew to be most excellent for use after shaving.

W. C. Fields.

One of the most delightful preparations I have ever used is the new Orchidew. It is so cleansing, healing and soothing to the skin. I keep it on my dressing table both at the theatre and at home.

Gilda Gray

After shaving, or exposure to sun or wind, I find Orchidew the best healing and cleansing agent I have ever used.

Leon Rothier.

There are lotions galore for cleansing and soothing the skin, after exposure to sunburn and windburn, but at last I have found the one perfect lotion in Orchidew. I use it religiously.

Blanche Yurka.

The basis of any lovely complexion is nothing more or less than perfect cleanliness. For this I have found no preparation so good as the new Orchidew. It permeates the pores of the skin in a truly marvelous fashion and draws out every clogging bit of grease or grime.

Hazel Dawn.

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THE NEW SEASON HAS TO OFFER

(Continued from page 7)

New plays which will incite theatre-goers' interest are several which will be offered by the Neighborhood Playhouse: *The Little Clay Cart*, a Hindu classic; *Exiles*, by James Joyce; *Sooner and Later*, a lyric composition, and *Salut au Monde*, a dramatic version of Walt Whitman's poem. Other new plays are *My Man*, a comedy drama by William Le Baron; *Pierrot the Prodigal*, a fantasy by Michael Carre and Andre Wormser, in which Laurette Taylor will appear.

Old Man Minnick, by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber; *The Sable Coat*, a melodrama by Dorrance Davis; *The Feud*, by George Abbott and Maxwell Anderson; *The Gentle Grafters*, a play based on O. Henry's story; *Soft Music*, by Dorothy Parker and Elmer Rice; *The Pelican*, the American rights of which have been acquired by A. H. Woods; a comedy by Miss Tennyson-Jones and Captain Harwood; *Simon Called Peter*, a Brady production. Mr. Brady will also produce a play which has as its central figure Andrew Jackson. The

authors are John Farrar and Stephen Vincent Benet.

Mrs. Fiske, under the management of Charles L. Wagner, will act "Mrs. Malaprop" in an all-star production of *The Rivals* and will play in *Candida*, *Hedda Gabler*, *Ghosts*, *The Pillars of Society* and *Becky Sharp*, a revival.

Craig Biddle, Jr., will offer *Pansy*, a musical comedy, as his first production. Messrs. Gallagher and Shean will appear in a play by the late Aaron Hoffman, called *The Politicians*.

The Theatre Guild's first production of the season will be Molnar's *The Guardsman*, followed by *They Knew What They Wanted*, by Sidney Howard, and *The Conquering Hero*, a war play by Allan Monkhouse.

Rudolph and Joseph Schildkraut will appear in a play called *Father and Son*. *The Long Arm*, a play by Owen Davis, will have William Collier in its cast. Mme. Simone, in repertoire, will appear under the management of Anne Nichols.



A WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT'S SECRET

(Continued from page 58)

best I could. I directed the play, and when I rang up the curtain that night in Atlantic City I thought, "This is the beginning of a new career." But I reckoned without that big element, the unexpected. The star quarreled with the manager. There were several three-cornered fights in the company. The manager asked me to take on a collaborator. I met the proposed collaborator, but his ideas were so foreign to mine that I declined his help. It was an entirely impersonal view. He and I are friends. Mr. Woods said: "Then we won't produce it." I said: "All right," and meant it. *The Heart of a Child* reposes at Cain's.

The next overt venture was a trip to New Mexico to study rural life in the Southwest. I came back with a plot for a play for Mary and Florence Nash. Their stepfather, Philip Nash, intended to finance it. I went up to read the last act to him. He had a heart attack and died in my arms. Other managers did not care for a two-sisters star proposition so that play rests in the bottom of my trunk and waits. I may make it over into a musical comedy.

My greatest impetus to write a play was knowledge of the need of the office's need of a play for Mitzi. In their order, in three years, followed

Lady Billy, *Cornered*, *The Clinging Vine*, *The Magic Ring* and *Lollipop*.

When I began writing plays I nominally retired from the stage. An automobile accident that befell Anne Sutherland left a part to be filled in *Cornered*. I filled it. I am playing in *Lollipop*. For this temporary return to the stage there were three reasons. It was difficult to find anyone to play the disagreeable part. I wanted to watch the play anyway. And I am glad to save the office two hundred and fifty dollars a week.

Nearly every man who has succeeded attributes his success to his wife. I attribute mine to my husband. Louis C. Wiswell knows his theatre and his world. He believes in me. When I was beginning to write plays I said often to him, "I will never write a big hit." He answered calmly, "You won't if you don't try." Writing is hard work. As hard as acting is easy. I required some urging to my labor. My husband urges me to do my best. He furnishes many of the funny lines in my plays. For instance, the speech that always brings loud laughter in *Lollipop*, "I have sown my rolled oats," is his.

Perhaps I could have become a playwright without my husband's aid. But I don't believe I would have.



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Write them for their literature. It will be sent to you for the asking, and if you need any further information, write to

Theatre Magazine

2 West 45th Street New York

Mirrors of Stageland

By THE LADY WITH THE LORNETTE

XLI—JOHN BARRYMORE

THERE goes the pale, languid Barrymore. John, of course. Lionel is the vital one. So vital that David Wark Griffith, when he cast him for the wicked Walter Butler, ordered that pictures of his scenes be taken at noon. "It requires the high light of noon to depict such virility," said Mr. Griffith.

Brother John looks like pictures I have seen of the unhappy poet Keats. As wan, as thin, of subterranean spirits.

The taste of success lies like salt upon the younger Barrymore's lips. "There's a lot of guff written and spoken about acting," he growls. "It is only one way for a man to earn his living."

John Barrymore is half hermit, half *bon vivant*. He lived for a half year at a high studio on West Fourth Street. Up narrow stone stairs to an aerial Venetian dungeon in an old "converted" house in Greenwich Village. Entered after much climbing, it is a large high-ceilinged room, with a kitchenette at the left rear and a small bed chamber at the right rear. There, hermit-like, he lived and pothered at his boyhood art, cartooning. Wearying of that, for the Barrymores do weary of pursuits, he betook him to a smart hotel for the rest of the year. Again he was a *bon vivant*.

Every one of the trio of Barrymores had chosen another profession than the stage and went upon the boards for the material reason that it yielded, more promptly, a livelihood. Ethel wanted to be a pianist. Lionel a painter. John a maker of cruel, slashing cartoons. But the yield was slow and inadequate to the needs of the offspring of extravagant player parents. Ethel reluctantly stepped upon the stage. Lionel followed. John ended the unwilling procession. The first time he impressed himself upon the changing memories of New York audiences was when he played in a cheap, ill-fitting overcoat, with a derby hat hanging mournfully seeking the society of his ear, a press agent whose low-spirited answer to every proposition from a theatrical company for publicity was, "They won't print it." His observations of life in a newspaper office were reflected in his conception of the character.

Success weakened his already weak frame. His shrieking Richard III laid him low and Muldoon the trainer picked him up. Though Billy Muldoon complained that it was a hard task to pick up a matinee idol when the telephone wires were humming with inquiries and the matinee idol "was that gallant he would answer every one of them."

If John Barrymore, intellectually the greatest, and physically the least of the Barrymores, would live for a year in the Canadian woods, fishing and hunting for his provender, and cutting and laying the logs for his rough shelter, he would come back to Amusement Highway a new Barrymore. But to suggest it is useless. I cannot conceive of the former "Jack," now the John, of that family abiding long out of sight and sound of Broadway. The blue-gray Barrymore eyes, the too pale skin, the moodily drooping lips, a cigarette dangling between them, I cannot picture John else than thus and on or near the slant street of entertainment.

XLII—GILBERT EMERY

GILBERT EMERY would be all right if he could make his legs and his tongue behave. He is the shyest and most awkward man on Broadway.

It is misery to watch him in silence. It is anguish to attempt to talk to him. The same degree of difference exists between neuralgia and neuritis. Maybe that's the reason he remained but a short time in the married state. Woman has a gift for conversation, but she does not greatly care for monologue. She wants at least two "I sees" or "Yes, dears," during three hours at the fireside.

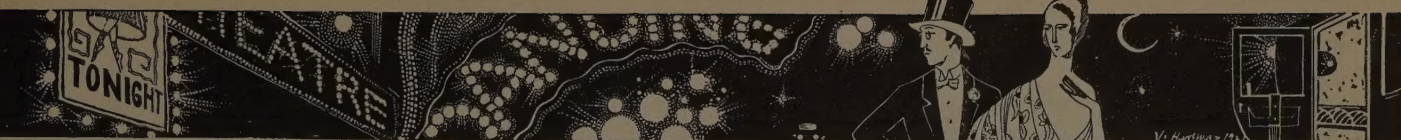
That is not his real name, though a part of it survived the amputation when he let off writing long enough to rehearse and play a part. When he became an actor, he assumed the *alias* of Gilbert Emery. A man whose legs and tongue balk frequently and inconveniently could not play under his own name, unless he played a mute. That is the reason why Emory Pottle, author, was merged in Gilbert Emery.

He wrote *The Hero*, in which he dared to treat familiarly and not with unvarying esteem a type of soldier. He had been a soldier himself. In his silent way he became so interested in the stage that he asked for an engagement in a small part. After much seeking, he secured as small a part as a man who grazes a six-foot-two mark and has shoulders that balance the height could fit. So it came about that he was playing a relatively unimportant rôle in one play on Forty-eighth Street while in the same block his own more appealing play, *Tarnish*, was being more vitally played. *Tarnish* survived *Chains* for many months.

He is an indifferent actor, with little prospect of becoming anything else. An actor of lasting worth must command his legs and tongue.

A pretty girl from a newspaper

(Continued on page 66)



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yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast play-
ground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide.
Mark its sign-posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.*

WE have visited two interesting
foreign restaurants lately, one
Russian, the other East Indian. The
first is in the nature of what London
likes to call a "night club," and the
other is for daytime wear, lunch and
dinner.

The Russian restaurant goes by the
name of the Kav Kaz, and burrows
underground at Fifty-third Street and
Broadway. Instead—as the old song
had it—of "climbing eleven flights of
stairs," you descend what seem to be
a similar number. No, but really,
there are a good many stairs, though
you mustn't let that discourage you.
For once down, there is atmosphere
a-plenty. There are no windows ap-
parent, everybody smokes and talks
furiously, and the air grows thicker
and thicker as the evening, or morn-
ing, progresses. A band in Russian
blouses plays, and in between a Rus-
sian picks on a guitar and "sinks sad
songs," as Balieff used to put it. And
they have real Russian dishes. As a
guarantee of which witness the
presence of Morris Gest there almost
every night. It is really all rather
amusing.

A JEWEL OF INDIA

IF there is Russian atmosphere at
the Kav Kaz Club, there is
equally Indian atmosphere at "The
Rajah," a little basement restaurant on
Forty-fourth Street, west of Broadway,
which is the most authentic one of its
nationality that we have yet dis-
covered. India prints cover the walls
of its one small room, the lights glow
through crimson shades shedding a
becoming glow, and at intervals an
incense imported from Bombay wafts
its special fragrance unobtrusively.
At a corner table may sit a young
and handsome East Indian, prince or
student, or a visiting Britisher who
has lived in India and learned to
love its foods. Balfour is said to
have been a visitor to the restaurant
when he was last here.

All that starts you off nicely, and
the menu doesn't let you down a
bit. It is simple, inexpensive, and
thoroughly consistent, the only con-
cession to the American palate that
we saw being "watermelon on ice."

There are curries of all sorts, meat,
egg, vegetable, any of which is
utterly delicious and stimulating;
special chutneys of mangoes or
"green" ginger to go with them . .
"turkari" . . "kachoomber," an
India salad . . and to top off a
dessert of small home-baked cakes
with a dash of romantic rose petal
marmalade cooked in rock-candy
syrup. In addition, what with
delicate iced drinks of rose or
tamarind, and rose-water sweetening
the Oriental coffee, one leaves the
place feeling that not only has one's
inner man been spicily and satis-
fyingly filled, but pleasingly perfumed
as well.

GILDA'S LITTLE THEATRE

STILL the Little Theatres come!
And each contributes something to
the game in the way of a new feature,
or features.

The latest in the field is the Little
Theatre that is being built as a
tribute to Gilda Gray, the former
super-Folly, by her new husband Gil
Boag, and which is to be known as
"Gilda's Little Theatre." Situated
between Park Avenue and Lexington
on Fifty-eighth Street, it is the first
theatre of its kind to appear in a
smart neighborhood. And though as
we write it is still in process of con-
struction, it is to be ready when Miss
Gray comes back from abroad at the
end of September. And the opening
will be a social event of the first
water, with a long list of who's whos.

The policy with which the theatre
will start is a group of Little Theatre
plays at the eight o'clock hour, and at
midnight a Gilda Gray Review, featur-
ing Miss Gray and employing other
beautiful girls. Emile Boreo, formerly
of the Chauve-Souris, and of the
late departed Rendezvous, is ex-
pected to act as master of ceremonies.
Naturally there will be something ex-
tremely novel and amusing in the way
of decoration, though we do not yet
know what. It has practically been
decided, however, to have a kind of
ledge at the side of each seat, and
one special dish and soft drinks
(*Mais naturellement!*) served. Alto-
gether the theatre listens well, not so?

ANNE ARCHBALD



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Presentations by ROTHAFEL

MIRRORS OF STAGELAND

(Continued from page 64)

called on him at the theatre where he was playing in *Chains*. He was so embarrassed that, having placed for her the only chair in the room, he tried to sit on a window-sill and slid humiliatingly off it. Fortunately no casualties.

He is the only playwright whom the company likes to attend rehearsals. Why not? He speaks no audible word. Not during rehearsals. He ventured two speeches when he had gotten far from Fort Lee and was within the safer boundaries of Manhattan. He rolled a cigarette, looked nervously at the man beside him, was silent, then changed his mind. His speech was positive.

"Any author would get down on his knees and thank God for such a company as played *Tarnish*."

And a second speech, by way, perhaps, of an apology for daring to slide sidewise into the Fort Lee Studio. "I know no reason why a playwright should not drop in on a rehearsal of his own play. He need not be wholly

obnoxious—if he have a sense of humor."

Women pity the brilliant, tongue-tied dramatist. Sensing their sympathy, he gathers his long, impeding legs into the smallest possible space and tries to talk to them. Occasionally he succeeds in tossing them a speech or two.

Men dislike him. They think he is pompous and posé. As often happens, the men are wrong.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins liked him and married him. Finally she disliked him. They were divorced, Mr. Pottle—I beg his pardon—Mr. Emery, being ably assisted by his wife. But Gilbert Emery—Emory Pottle—goes steadily on writing plays. His wife is still writing stories. Perhaps, sometimes, the California teller of tales wishes she hadn't so ably assisted in the divorce. For royalties from plays greatly surpass royalties from books. And on the whole the lengthy, silent author-actor is not unlikable.



FEAR

By

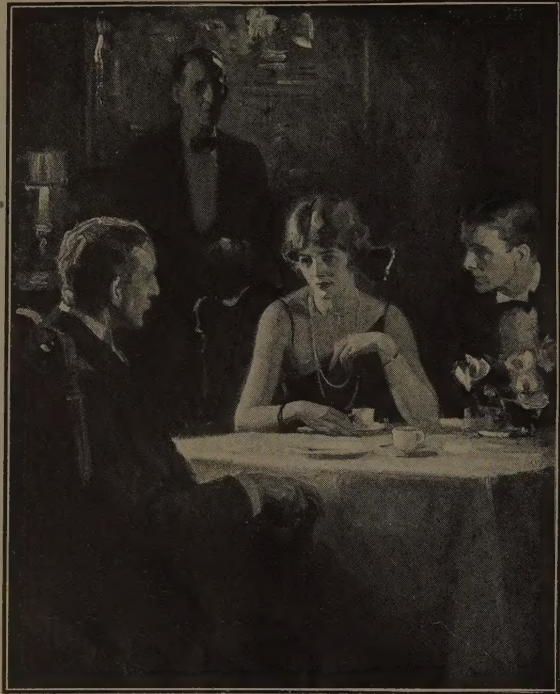
EARL CARROLL

Afraid of hands, such little hands,
As white as mountain snow;
Afraid of hands that never harmed
A living thing, I know.

Afraid of hair, such glorious hair.
A tumbled mass of gold;
Afraid of hair that brushed my cheek
And turned it hot and cold.

Afraid of eyes, such wondrous eyes,
So big, so deep, so blue;
Afraid of eyes that make me think
Of things I shouldn't do.

Afraid of lips, such lovely lips,
So like a budding rose;
Afraid of lips, so warm and soft,
Just why? Heav'n only knows!



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A SERIES of constructive and informative articles concerning Play Production in High Schools will be a monthly feature of The Amateur Stage Department of THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with the October issue. Clarence Stratton, Author of "Producing in Little Theatres" and Director of English, Cleveland Board of Education, will contribute the first four of the series, and Ralph Smalley, Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul, will discuss Stagecraft, and Simplified Lighting and Setting in the last two articles of the series. All will be illustrated with sketches and photographs. This series will include:

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Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York

A School That Makes You Think

SITUATED in Greenwich Village, adjoining the Little Cherry Lane Playhouse, is the Inter-Theatre Arts School of Acting and Production, a school of training for the theatre which is doing extremely practical and interesting work. It combines high professional standards and careful instilling of the principles of art, with application of this training in productions. The school has grown as a part of the activities of the Inter-Theatre Arts, an experimental theatre organization whose policy is to produce new plays for the purpose of presenting to the professional field a new actor, a new playwright or a new art director. The Inter-Theatre Arts believes that the combination of a producing organization with a school is a thoroughly practical way of bridging the gulf between the student and the professional theatre.

The school stresses the need for the actor of the control of body, voice and enunciation, which comes only through technical training. These are of more importance to the beginner in the theatre than getting a set of technique in playing parts, which often leads to what Mrs. Fiske calls "a firm, firm touch on the wrong note." Therefore, if students entering the school wish to become actors, they are required to study eurhythmics, pantomime and life study, phonetics, characterization and interpretation before being put into rehearsals of a play. Those who wish to become directors, producers or stage managers attend rehearsals, classes in characterization, costume and stage design, color and light, and do practical work on the costumes, scenery and lighting of each production. The student performances are under the direction of one of the professional directors of the organization, but the students act in the play, design the staging, execute the costumes and scenery and "work" the performance.

THE school does not promise or guarantee anything but efficient training and a sincere effort to discover for the student his proper field in the dramatic world. The training is the same whether the objective is the commercial theatre or the community field. The directors believe that the principles of art are the same, no matter where they are applied. Several students have gone directly from the School of Production to the best positions in the community field each year. For instance, Marguerite Block wrote and was technical director of the Reading, Pennsylvania, pageant; Aurelie Asten was art director of the same pageant. Helen Porterfield was lighting director for Hazel Mackaye in the pageant of *The Garden of the Gods*. Eleanore Rose had charge of the workshop in the Waterbury, Connecticut, pageant directed by Jack Crawford, and was head of the 1924

Drama Institute at Princeton. Louise Boehm did a season's demonstration of pageantry with the Chautauquas. Dorothy Elderdice became dramatic director at the Community Church, New York City. Elizabeth Taylor was director on tour for the Carolina Playmakers of the University of North Carolina. The record is the same from the school of acting.

THE faculty of the school includes Madame Alberti, who has to her credit from her own school of acting many of the best of the younger actors of to-day: Helen Ford, who was from 1900 till 1913 with Henry Miller, Liebler & Co. and Mansfield, and whose numbers among her former students Haroldine Humphreys, who appeared as the "Nun" in *The Miracle*, and Aileen MacMahon, whose success in the *Grand Street Follies* has led to her engagement in a leading part on Broadway for next season, and Elizabeth B. Grimball, the former teacher of Helen Gahagan. Other members of the faculty are Kenneth Macgowan, who lectures on the modern theatre; Mrs. John W. Alexander on costuming, Oscar Bernner on make-up and Madame Laes Baldwin, the head of the Department of Singing and Diction at the Institute of Musical Art. Associate directors are Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Henry Stillman.

THE Inter-Theatre Arts believes that the only sure way for a young artist to convey to a manager his type of work is in a play. And with this conviction the organization has developed itself, keeping strictly to the experimental field. So far, the value of this policy has been more than justified in such instances as Joseph Mullen, at present art director and stage manager for Inter-Theatre Arts, who has been in demand for the commercial theatre after his experience as stage manager for the organization's play, *Tyrants*, and his work on the Cherry Lane Players' production, *The Man Who Ate the Popomack*, and Frederick A. Foord, an artist who went from the experimental field through Inter-Theatre Arts to become Stuart Walker's art director in Indianapolis and then into the motion picture field, designing sets for *Miami* and *Ramshackle House*; and Claude Habberstad, a young playwright whose folk-play, *The Cat Comes Back*, produced by the Inter-Theatre Arts with Tom Powers, won him instant recognition as a coming American playwright; and Helen Gahagan, who was first shown to the Broadway managers in the Inter-Theatre Arts production of Harry Wagstaff Gribble's comedy, *Shoot*, and is now being starred by William A. Brady.

One of the students described the school when he said: "It is a school that makes you think."